

FIRST NUMBER of NEW VOLUME.

November, 1910.

NEW SERIAL by MRS. DE HORNE VAIZEY.

Price 6d.

THE QUIVER



THE POSTSCRIPT



"and don't forget your
BEECHAM'S PILLS."



By means of
Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

FREE. We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch-free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Free sample on receipt of 2d. for postage. Apply, Sample Department, Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham.

Mellin's Food

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth, will be sent free on receipt of 3d. for postage.

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets, will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants, on application to MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.



CLARK & CO.
Send your Dress or Suit to CLARK & CO. THE CLEANERS to be dry cleaned & made like new! FIXED CHARGE 4! Postage paid one way.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST **34 HALLCROFT ROAD RETFORD** BEST WORK LOW CHARGES

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1s 2s & 4s.

I.T.M.

If the meat is cold and the bills are hot, make the meat hot with E.D.S., and the bills—well just knock down the butcher's by using Edwards' Desiccated Soup.

Buy less and make nourishing thick soups from Edwards' Desiccated Soup instead—you get the nourishment of the meat and the flavour, and you dodge the high price.

You may tell *this* to your husband.

E.D.S.

S.H.S.

DISEASED HIP

**YET ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE
AFTER UNDERGOING THREE
OPERATIONS WITHOUT SUCCESS.**

Mrs. Newman, of 14, Lennox Road, Finsbury Park, London, N., writes:—"I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but, owing to the great benefit my son has received from your Clarke's Blood Mixture, I feel it my duty to do so. My son suffered from Tubercular Right Hip, and was in and out of hospital for 18 months; he was so bad we were afraid we should lose him. After undergoing three operations, which did him no good, we decided to try your world-famed Clarke's Blood Mixture. After taking the first bottle we noticed an improvement in him, so we kept it up, and now we are glad to say he is quite cured, but for the shortness of his leg, which, in our opinion, would never have been if he had not gone through that terrible torture in Hospital. Everybody we meet marvels how he got well, and we are always glad to say it is your Clarke's Blood Mixture. You can make whatever use you like of this letter, and we are at the disposal of anybody who wishes to call about this wonderful cure."



MASTER NEWMAN
(from a photo)

Important to All.

Blood Mixture—that's why in thousands of cases of skin and blood diseases such as Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Tumours, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Sores and Eruptions, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., it has effected truly remarkable cures where all other treatments have failed.

For cleansing the blood of all impurities from whatever cause arising there is no other medicine just as good as Clarke's

Clarke's Blood Mixture, which has over 50 years' reputation, is to-day in greater demand than ever, and the proprietors solicit all sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

"Clarke's Blood Mixture is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."

HEALTH.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11/-, or post free on receipt of price direct from the Proprietors, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

CURES ALL . . .

SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES.

A LETTER TO MR. SANDOW.

WHAT IT MEANS TO THE MAN OR WOMAN IN POOR HEALTH.

An Important Opportunity for London and Country Readers of *The Quiver* to Investigate the Natural Method of Curing Illness, Without Any Expense, with a view to learning whether it Provides the Remedy Required in Their Own Cases.

IN the interests of the very considerable number of *The Quiver* readers who are watching the remarkable advance daily being made in the practice of physical culture as a cure for a large number of illnesses, this account of the Sandow method has been prepared. It will enable sufferers to judge whether or no they might perhaps themselves try this undoubtedly highly beneficial form of treatment, which has been so successful in curing various forms of illness that there are no fewer than 600 or 700 practising doctors who include amongst their prescriptions for certain ailments advice to "take a course of Sandow's exercise."

WHAT MR. SANDOW CLAIMS TO CURE.

Mr. Sandow does not claim that his system can cure everything. For the present he states that he has during recent years had a total of many thousands of cases of Digestive Disorder, Nervous Breakdown of varied types in both men and women, Uric Acid Complaints, Heart Troubles and circulatory Disorders, Obesity, Chest and Lung Weakness, Physical Deformities, and Spinal Curvatures, Kidney Disorders, the Special Ailments of Women, and cases of general physical deficiency, and that his uniform success in dealing with these by natural means, viz., specially prescribed individual courses of scientific exercise without having resort to drugs, has amply proved that his method is the surest cure in such illnesses.

NO WEIGHT-LIFTING OR STRENUOUS EXERTIONS.

There is still an idea abroad that Curative Physical Culture involves violent or protracted exercise. No greater fallacy could be. There are no heavy weights to lift, no strenuous exertions to be made, the treatment is so gentle and graduated that it may be taken by a child of five or a man or woman of eighty-five years of age. If an inquirer's case is one which will be benefited by scientific exercise the course which is considered best for the patient will be suggested.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL CURE.

Some while back *Truth* newspaper organised a searching investigation into the records of cases which had been treated at the Sandow Institute, and by correspondence with patients in their own homes, with the result that it was discovered that the phenomenal percentage of ninety-nine cases out of every hundred accepted for treatment received substantial benefit, and that ninety-four in every hundred entirely achieved the desired object.

Readers who desire a consultation—and no doubt they will be many—are invited to call or address a letter to Mr. Eugen Sandow at 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., and if the visitor can be accepted, and decides to



Mr. EUGEN SANDOW, the Pioneer of Curing Illness Without Medicine.

take a course of treatment, the fees are quite within the means of the man or woman of modest purse.

FOR THOSE UNABLE TO CALL

but would like to inquire into the suitability of their cases for treatment by Scientific Physical Culture at home, Mr. Sandow has produced the following twenty-four small illustrated volumes dealing with certain illnesses and conditions amenable to his treatment:—

- | | |
|--|--|
| <small>VOL.</small> | <small>VOL.</small> |
| 1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia | 13. Lack of Vigour |
| 2. Constipation and its Cure | 14. Physical Deformities in Men |
| 3. Liver Troubles | 15. Physical Deformities in Women |
| 4. Nervous Disorders in Men | 16. Functional Defects in Speech |
| 5. Nervous Disorders in Women | 17. Circulatory Disorders |
| 6. Obesity in Men | 18. Skin Disorders |
| 7. Obesity in Women | 19. Physical Development for Men |
| 8. Heart Affections | 20. Everyday Health |
| 9. Lung and Chest Complaints | 21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments |
| 10. Rheumatism and Gout | 22. Figure Culture for Women |
| 11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure | 23. Insomnia |
| 12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic | 24. Neurasthenia |

A copy of whichever book is desired will be sent gratis and post free to any reader who will write a letter to Mr. Sandow at 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., asking for it, mentioning at the same time this announcement in *The Quiver* and giving full particulars of occupation, age, illness, or condition, from which relief is desired, present state of health, etc., which will enable an opinion to be formed on the case, and forwarded with the book.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST TOILET GIFT

One Man Gives away 1,000,000 Presents—One for Every Man and Woman.

Send for Your Gift To-day, and your hair will be thicker, longer, and more beautiful than it is now.

HERE is an opportunity for obtaining a valuable Triple Toilet Outfit Free of Charge! Each one of these three component parts of the Outfit possesses valuable merits of its own, but their full perfection is only realised when they are united in one Hair Growing and Beautifying Course, the full materials and directions for which are contained in this Present from Mr. Edwards to you.

To put it briefly, this Hair-Cultural Outfit consists of the following:

1. **A Bottle** of the everywhere famous tonic hair-dressing and grower, Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair."
2. **A Packet** of deliciously perfumed "Cremex" Powder for Shampooing the Hair at Home.
3. **A copy of Mr. Edwards' "Book of the Hair,"** including the full rules and directions for growing beautiful hair by the world-famous "Harlene Hair-Drill" method.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF SEVEN DAYS' "HARLENE HAIR DRILL."

At the end of seven days there will be no comparing the condition of your hair with the "poor state" it was in before you commenced "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Under "Harlene Hair-Drill" action the hair you possess will have taken on a lovely lustre, which will have multiplied its beauty by 200 per cent. at least.

This glossy lustre is in itself a sign that "Harlene Hair-Drill" is doing your hair good.

But this lustrous endowment is not the only result of the week's "Harlene Hair-Drill" that you will see.

Hair that has become dull and faded will renew the bright richness of its colouring, and renew it permanently.

The original colour, too, will begin to steal back to hair that has become white or grey.

Here is another point.

Say your hair is falling out! Maybe, after you brush your hair in the morning or evening you find hairs entangled in the bristles of your brush and the teeth of your comb.

Or on rising in the morning you find fallen hair upon your pillow.

If you allow this "falling" to continue, it will certainly grow worse and worse as time goes on, and will probably end in partial or complete baldness.

But "Harlene Hair-Drill" will stop this.

Practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for two minutes every day for a week, and before that period comes to an end the "falling" will have absolutely stopped.

WHAT TO DO FOR SCURF.

Then there is the question of Scurf.

Scurf is a Hair Destroyer; one of the deadliest of hair enemies.

Scurf chokes the hair, rots the hair, discolours the hair, kills it, and causes it to fall out.

But "Harlene Hair-Drill" (for two minutes daily), assisted by the "Cremex" Home Shampoo (once or twice a week), completely eliminates Scurf.

Follow Mr. Edwards' advice to you, and all Scurf and Dandruff will completely disappear, never to return so long as the "Hair-Drill" rules are kept up—so long as you practise the Harlene Culture Rules.

In case you wish further supplies of "Harlene" and "Cremex," you can obtain the former in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, and the latter at 1s. for box of six packages, from all the leading chemists, grocers, and stores in the United Kingdom, or direct (by sending P.O.) from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

But let everyone else, old or young, fill up the coupon below, cut it out, and send it with three penny stamps (to pay the postage of parcel) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and in return you will receive one of Mr. Edwards' splendid

Presents, containing everything you require for growing and preserving beautiful hair and keeping yourself as young in looks as you are in heart.



This is the latest gift offer of Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of the world famous "Harlene Hair-Drill." To-day he supplements his gift with a packet of his wonderful Cremex Scurf and Hair Shampoo Powder. All who merely fill up and post to the Harlene Co.'s address the following Coupon will receive a free gift package containing the above-mentioned articles.

GIFT COUPON.

TO MESSRS. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Now, I would like one of your famous gift packages, containing instructions and materials for developing the growth and beauty of my hair. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage of package to any part of the world.

NAME (MR., MRS., or MISS) _____

ADDRESS _____

"The Quiver," Nov. 1934.

GIFTS THAT LAST

A gift of jewellery is a lasting reminder of the giver and a source of lasting satisfaction to the recipient. Nothing is so sure to please as a present of jewellery, whether it take the form of a ring, or any other article. The infinite variety of designs in all classes of jewellery illustrated in our Catalogue makes it a greatly sought after volume.



18ct. Turquoises
or Opals, 1 hoop,
25 -



18ct. Gold, 22 6
18ct. 42 -

Customers who once buy from us renew their patronage year by year, proving they are completely satisfied.

This LATEST CATALOGUE, No. 64, is sent post free to any address.

NOTE.—All our goods are guaranteed genuine, and all our gold bears the English Hall Mark. Goods exchanged or money refunded if not satisfied.

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FRAZIER & CO**
12, EDGWARE RD LONDON, W

Four Points



Zanetic Ink Paper
which, in conjunction with the
Zanetic Writing Board
Patent

Ensures the most Perfect Copies possible (in every way equal to the ink-written original), without any appreciable trouble.

The act of writing produces both copies with the minimum of trouble and expense.

A dozen sample sheets of Zanetic Post Free 1/1 anywhere, or send stamped envelope for Free Sample and Lists of Penduplicate and Copying Books to

Q. ZANETIC,
13, Wellington Street, Leicester, England.

Don't let Your Chest be Crushed BY BRONCHITIS

The Only Certain Road
to Relief & Cure.

IT is an awful feeling to be conscious of bronchitis tightening its coil round your chest, and your breathing becoming more and more obstructed.

Cough you must, though your eyes feel bursting by the racking exertion; your head aches, and your chest is painful at the back, front, and sides.

Bronchitis, as a rule, gets more distressing as winter approaches, unless the sufferer adopts the proper treatment which is supplied by Peps, the wonderful breathe-able tablets that convey direct to the seat of the trouble the most effective bronchial medicine ever discovered. As a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth, certain medicinal fumes are given off which impregnate the air we breathe with all the chest-strengthening virtues of the pine forest, and as these medicinal Peps fumes are breathed down the wind-pipe (where liquid medicines cannot pass) every bit of the sore and inflamed lining membrane is soothed and healed. The obstructive phlegm is loosened, breathing is made easy, and an end is quickly put to the chest-racking cough. Peps promptly banish all the terrors of chest-crushing bronchitis.

Of all Chemists or from The Peps Co.,
Carlton Hill, Leeds.

PEPS

"A Pine Forest in Every Home."

FREE

THIS NEW STYLE PNEUMATIC HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH

**£6,500 Worth of these Tatcho Brushes—The King Edward Model—
TO BE GIVEN AWAY.**

The new Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is a duplicate of the model of a set supplied for the use of His Majesty the late King Edward.

Although of so unique a character, these Hair Brushes—£6,500 worth—are to be absolutely given away to users of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' wonderful discovery of Tatcho, the genuine, good, true Hair-Grower.

Every reader of this announcement may have one for the use of himself or herself.

Imagine a hair brush in which every bristle stands apart in true hair-and-scalp skirmishing order.

Imagine, too, a regiment of bristles separately set in a beautifully yielding pneumatic pad.

The King Edward Model Tatcho Hair Brush.

Stretch the imagination a little further, and see with your mind's eye how bristles so deftly set and so singularly positioned must—they cannot do otherwise—penetrate through the thickest hair, and so sweep the scalp clean from all scurf and dandruff, dirt and dust.

Then again, imagine how easy it is to keep this brush sweetly clean. Its possessor has only to draw the separately-set bristles across the hand or a towel to immediately free every bristle hygienically free from hair, scurf, and dust.

And this magnificent "King Edward" model Hair Brush is simply waiting your invitation to enter your service free of all cost to yourself. It need not be denied that the reader's regular use of this brush is intended to aid the good work that Tatcho does for every reader's hair.

Indeed, the new Pneumatic Pad and Separate-Bristle Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is plainly intended to aid and supplement Tatcho in its accredited work of cultivating and preserving the hair of the user. It will simply make assurance doubly sure.

No reasoning reader will fail to see and understand that a scalp free from scurf and dust makes it easier for the hair to live and grow in all its natural profusion and beauty.

And the only condition which you, dear reader, have to put in operation to secure for yourself one of these splendid new-style Hair-Health Brushes is to equip yourself with one other necessary working partner for your success in hair-growing—that is, a 2/6 bottle of Tatcho.

An additional 4d. should also be sent to cover postage of the package to your address.

FREE

To Users of
TATCHO
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
Genuine, Good,
True
Hair-Grower.

**100,000 Free Brushes
to Users of
Tatcho.**

Owing, unfortunately, to tariff and other obstacles, this opportunity is at the moment available only to residents of the British Isles who first apply.

Immediate application should be made for the two greatest aids to hair-health in the world, namely, Tatcho and the new Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

Readers should apply to the Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co., 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.

Further supplies of Tatcho may be had from chemists and stores everywhere, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6.

The present offer is available to November 30 next, after which date it will become void.



Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, the best in the world, these worth to be given away, don't get lost!

FREE BRUSH COUPON.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair-Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the November issue of THE QUIVER.

Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.

Name of Applicant

Address

The Gift to Give this Xmas is a

POST
EARLY
for
DISTANT
LANDS.



It possesses just those attractive qualities of convenience, usefulness, and beauty which have made it the most popular of all gifts. It makes writing a pleasure, and soon becomes a necessity of daily life. Think of each friend individually, and ask yourself if a "Swan" would not be "just the thing."

A prominent feature of the "Swan" is that you can obtain a nib which exactly suits the hand—to-day, to-morrow, and years—unchanging. Fine, hard, soft, all degrees of writing requirements.

Why Don't You "Swan"?

Price 10s. 6d. up.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

May we send our Complete Catalogue?

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80 High Holborn, W.C.

BRANCHES: 51, Cheapside, E.C. 4; 65A, Regent Street, W. 1; 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER; 10, Rue Neuve (Brussels); Boulevard, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, PARIS; and 21 NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

THERMOS FLASKS

Hot Liquids or Cold at Will!

The THERMOS FLASK keeps hot liquids piping hot for 24 hours, and needs neither chemicals, methylated spirit, added heat or attention.

FOR

SHAVING, MOTORING, TRAVELLING.

Try the comfort of hot water, or a hot drink, ready at any moment, and always at hand.

Of all Jewellers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores.

None genuine without the word "THERMOS."

Prices from 6/6 to 37/6.

Wholesale only: A. E. GUTMANN & Co.,
8, Long Lane, London, E.C.



1st Thermos.
"Pleasure! I've been boiling for a day and a night."



2nd Thermos.
"You needn't complain; I've been frozen for four days."

THE QUIVER



Dr. R. Maroucho, M.D., B.S.C.
The accuracy with which he detected my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.—"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE
from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.
A Professional Man writes:—YOU

ASTONISH & HELP

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.**

It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ALCOHOLISM, ECZEMA, &c.

Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts. Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1/11, &c. per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 89, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER BOX.

This Box of Harbutt's Plasticine appeals particularly to the Young People of the House. It teaches Girls how to make all kinds of puddings and pies, etc., etc., without mess or dirt. No water is necessary. **SPLENDID Fun** for a wet day. One Box will keep a dozen youngsters busy and quiet. Price, post free, 2/4.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., 27, Bathampton, BATH.



SIX REASONS WHY babies thrive on Nestlé's Milk

- 1. NATURAL FOOD.**—Milk is the natural food of infants. Nestlé's Milk is the purest milk with all its original cream, and nothing added but pure refined sugar.
- 2. EASY TO DIGEST.**—Nestlé's Milk is easy to digest, and agrees better than fresh milk with children who are at all delicate.
- 3. PURITY.**—Nestlé's Milk is guaranteed free from disease germs. It is not a patent preparation, but pure milk, unskimmed, uncoloured, undrugged, and unadulterated.
- 4. STANDARD QUALITY.**—Unlike fresh milk, Nestlé's Milk always contains exactly the same proportion of cream.
- 5. FLAVOUR.**—Babies like the deliciously rich and creamy flavour of Nestlé's Milk, and take to it at once.
- 6. THE SIXTH** and many other reasons are given in booklet "Nestlé's Milk as a Food for Infants." Write for free copy.

Address, Nestlé's, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Nestlé's condensed Swiss Milk

Richest in cream.

Best for every purpose.

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

I INCREASED MY WEIGHT BY OVER 28 LBS., AND FROM A SCRAGGY, UNDEVELOPED YOUTH EMERGED INTO ROBUST, MUSCULAR, BROAD-SHOULDERED MANHOOD.



TOO THIN—TOO MISERABLE

FREE TREATMENT and a VALUABLE BOOK FOR THE THIN, THE FEEBLE, AND THE NERVOUS

EVERYONE must admit that the doctor who has cured himself of some particular malady must be a better "guide, philosopher, and friend" to his fellow-sufferers than he of mere theories.

Now I actually have transformed myself from a lean, cadaverous, emaciated being into a well-proportioned, normal man, enjoying the best of health, and brimful of life's best joys.

Like all unduly thin people, I was hypersensitive about my personal appearance. Tutors plainly told me that my physical shortcomings would materially prevent me making a success as a doctor.

The thought then suggested itself to me that there must be some thousands of other men and women suffering as I, and whilst continuing my studies as a medical student I determined to specialise in the physiology of digestion, with special reference to assimilation and nutrition, so that I might learn the secret of "putting on flesh." After many years of study and experiment I discovered a safe, speedy, scientific and simple method of producing firm, healthy, muscular tissue and plumpness.

I tried it perseveringly on myself, and I stand to-day a living witness of the fact that the lean, cadaverous, and emaciated may easily be transformed by a simple and safe treatment into plump, robust, and happy beings.

A NERVE-INVIGORATING PROCESS

The REAL CAUSE of all undue leanness in people is mal-assimilation and mal-nutrition, the result of LACK OF NERVE-FORCE. Emaciation and attenuation are not questions either of appetite or digestion, but LACK OF NERVE-FORCE.

In my new book, entitled "Emaciation: Cause and Treatment," I have fully described and explained this.

THE MAN who is too thin is invariably of an anxious, neurasthenic type, incapable of carrying out the duties of life with vigour and courage.

THE WOMAN who is too thin is anemic, nervous, worrying, wanting in self-confidence, and is handicapped alongside her plump, self-confident rival, who is bulging over with joyous vitality.

MY TREATMENT is essentially a NERVE-RESTORING, NERVE-BUILDING, and NERVE-NOURISHING process.

All THIN People Can Put on FLESH

Under my Treatment ALL, whether their scragginess be due to overwork, worry, social exactions, immoderate or careless living, neurasthenic depression, or any other exhausting cause, can increase weight. As their nerves are nourished they gain in health, strength and vitality. Even those who are still losing flesh are enabled not only to retard the WASTING and WEAKENING process of emaciation, but to quickly regain condition and weight.

Confident of the truth of these statements, I make the following offer:—

No. 1. I will send you a course of treatment, consisting of my NERVE FOOD, sufficient for FOURTEEN DAYS, together with my book, entitled

No. 2. "EMACIATION: CAUSE AND TREATMENT."

No. 3. Copies of and extracts from letters of satisfied patients.

All I ask on your part is to enclose P.O. for sixpence with your application, to cover cost of postage, &c. My book explains my theory of scientific flesh-building and nerve-feeding fully. It cannot be described in detail here, but the following are a few of the contents:—

1. Mal-Assimilation & Mal-Nutrition
2. Getting a beautiful figure
3. Women who are attractive
4. Men who dominate
5. Not too fat, but just fat enough

6. The Essence of Life
7. Neurasthenic Men and Women
8. Nerves that Build Flesh
9. Woman at Her Best
10. The Fuller Life

11. How NOT to Put on Flesh
12. Good Figures and Clear Complexions
13. The Necessity for Guidance
14. Treatment by Post

Write now, enclosing postal order for sixpence, and immediately my book will be sent you, together with two weeks' free treatment. Address:

A. GORDON WALLACE, 29 Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.



I can do for you what I have done for myself and hundreds of others. This lady gained 28 lbs. in a few weeks.

FREE

The Editor of "Truth" says:

"For prolonged hard wear and constant service, due to the best material and workmanship,

De Dion Bouton cars

undoubtedly have a name second to none."

"There are some cars that are excellently designed and capitably built in a way, but which will give nothing like the wear of others which, when both are new, may seem to the uninitiated not a scrap better, or possibly even inferior. Such cars recall to some extent Carlyle's famous definition of modern houses as built to tumble down at the end of ninety-nine years, and they are hardly to be recommended to those going in for a car with the notion of sticking to it and getting years of service out of it. For prolonged hard wear and constant service, due to the best material and workmanship, De Dions undoubtedly have a name second to none among small and moderate-sized cars, and one may venture to single them out because there is not a motorist, probably, who would not agree with the statement."—"Truth," Aug. 17, 1910.

It is a mistake to buy a car simply because the makers or sellers claim that it is durable.



Interesting Booklets sent post free on request.

"THE COST OF MOTORING."

"GOOD AND BAD CARS."

"THE DOCTOR'S MOTOR CAR."

"OWNERS' EXPERIENCES."

"COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S CAR."

MOTOR CARRIAGE CATALOGUE.

**De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd.,
90, Great Marlborough St.,
Oxford Circus, London, W.**



DON'T DELAY

another day before taking Dr. Scott's Pills if you are feeling the effects of any form of liver derangement. They are the only infallible cure for anyone who feels weak, lacks energy, is bilious, despondent, suffers from pain and flatulence after eating, starts at sudden sounds, is irritable, has no patience, feels like saying, "What's the use of anything?" or has any of the hundred and one signs of liver rebellion and bile in the blood.

The very first dose you take will be enough to prove to you that this remedy is capable of curing you.

Of all Chemists and Stores (carried in a square glass package), 1/4 & 2/6 per box.

Dr. Scott's
Bilious & Liver Pills

THE "ZITA" IMPROVED

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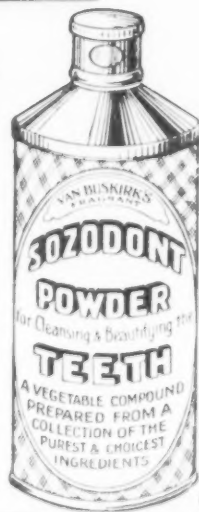
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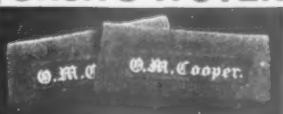
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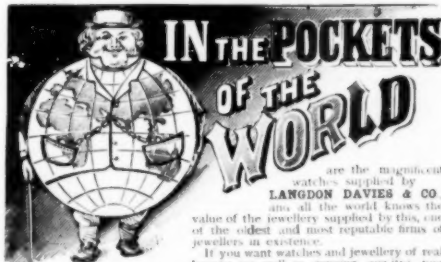
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By THE EDITOR

I HAVE much pleasure in giving the preliminary announcement of another Competition for members of the League of Loving Hearts. This will be of an even more popular character than the Doll-Dressing Competition of last year, and the First Prize will be a Handsome Gold Watch by Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd. Other prizes include £10 in Goods, six Thermos Flasks, six Onoto Fountain Pens, and twelve handsome Volumes. Full particulars will be given in my next issue.

All wishing to compete should join the League of Loving Hearts, by filling in the Coupon to be found on another page, and forwarding to me with One Shilling.

The following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including September 30th, 1910:—

£1 from "A Member" (Paxton),
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For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Omneswood, £1; Woodford, 4s.; A. Bateman, 5s. Total, £1 9s.

For *The Quiver Waifs' Fund*: A. Bateman, 5s.

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THE QUIVER

VOLUME XLVI

(Vol. L., Old Series)

1911

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THE FIRST STEP IN LIFE
From the Painting by Joseph Clark



VOL. XLVI., No. 1
(VOL. L., OLD SERIES)

NOVEMBER, 1910

Our New Serial Story

Cynthia Charrington

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

Author of "The Conquest of Chrystabe," "Flaming June," etc.

(Illustrated by J. E. SUTCLIFFE)

CHAPTER I

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

MRS. CHARRINGTON stood before the mirror in her bedroom, admiring the effect of a diamond brooch which her husband had that morning presented in celebration of her birthday. It was her forty-fifth anniversary, but she told herself with a smile that she felt twenty years younger. Growing old was, after all, only a matter of the deterioration of the outer envelope, for the spirit within seemed eternally, indestructibly, young. Even as regarded that fleshly envelope, Mrs. Charrington was inclined to be optimistic on this bright autumn afternoon, and, in truth, she had good reason so to be, for she was unusually handsome and youthful-looking for her years. Her figure was still graceful and shapely; her abundant grey hair made a picturesque contrast to her dark brown eyes; her features were well cut and regular. She made a very pleasant reflection as she stood before the mirror, turning from side to side to admire the lights on the new diamond brooch; but her chief charm lay undoubtedly in her ex-

pression, which was of a radiant happiness and content rarely beheld in a woman who has reached middle life. Apart from the wrinkles and the grey hair, it was the face of a girl that smiled back from the mirror, a girl for whom the present is smooth and fair, and the future bright with hope.

Mrs. Charrington bestowed a last little smile upon the reflection of the diamond brooch, set the silver knick-knacks of the toilet-table in order, with a few deft movements of her white, well-manicured hands, and walked slowly downstairs. Through the opened doors on the spacious entrance hall could be seen glimpses of drawing-room and library, and, beyond the drawing-room, of a conservatory banked with flowers, and in each in turns the discriminating eye would have observed signs of unusual preparation, as though some festivity were near at hand. Banks of flowering plants had been placed against the walls; doors taken down, and substituted by Indian drapings; chairs fitted into convenient corners.

The drawing-room was empty. Mrs. Charrington strolled about the room, altering the arrangement of a few vases of

THE QUIVER

flowers, patting cushions into shape, and laying her hands gently on one or two special treasures on the tables devoted to bric-à-brac; then she opened the glass door, and stepped into the sweet atmosphere of the conservatory. Tall palms swept upward to the roof; a row of chrysanthemums in pots raised their tall heads in masses of white and gold and cream; the sunlight flickered in through the leaves of the climbing rose trees overhead. Mrs. Charrington stood very still; her smile died away, and her lips trembled. It was as if in the process of her tour round the house the supreme moment had been reached, and she found herself overcome by emotion. Quite suddenly she threw back her head, and two words came faltering through her lips: "Thank You!" she said softly. "Thank You!" In these unconventional, spontaneous words she was expressing her gratitude to God for the great happiness of her lot.

* * * * *

"Mother!" cried a high, sweet voice. "Mother! what on *earth* are you doing?"

Mrs. Charrington wheeled round quickly, a flush heightening the colour on her cheek. Against the window leading from the library into the conservatory, a girl was standing, a girl in a brown dress, with masses of chestnut hair and long, heavily lashed hazel eyes. At this moment the eyes were alight with mischief, and the small, white teeth showed between the parted lips. She threw open the glass door, and looked down upon the elder woman's reddening cheeks with an air of indulgent amusement.

"Attitudinising and posturing to yourself among the flowers—at *your* age! I'm surprised at you, my dear! You did not know that I was looking on. What were you thinking about, I'd like to know?"

Mrs. Charrington smiled with recovered self-possession, and, passing through the door held open by her daughter's hand, seated herself with an obvious willingness to enjoy a chat.

There were half a dozen chairs at liberty in the room, each one more comfortable than the last, but Cynthia chose to seat herself on a corner of the table, pushing aside the scattered books and photographs with a careless hand, and leaping lightly to her place. Her slim hands rested on the table on either side; her slim feet in their dainty, brown shoes swung gently to and fro.

"I suppose it's your birthday that's gone

to your head!" she said lightly. "Your brooch is in its place already, I see. Did you run upstairs to put it on, and examine the effect? It's all red and blue from where I sit. I suppose that means that the stones are good. It's quite a decent design for an English jeweller!"

The tone was patronising to a degree, but Mrs. Charrington was too much accustomed to the note of superiority to make any comment.

"I think it is charming!" she said warmly. "It was made especially to match the pendant which father gave me last year. They will look beautiful together. I'm glad you like them, darling, as they will be yours some day. I told father I should hand them on to you on the day you were married. I would rather see them on you than myself."

"So nice of you, dear. Thanks awfully," said Cynthia placidly. There was no sign of excitement, hardly even of gratification, in her voice. She was as coolly uninterested as if the gift had been a few imitation beads, for which politeness demanded that she should make a suitable recognition, and Mrs. Charrington felt once more the check of surprised disappointment, which from time to time interrupted their intercourse. Her thoughts flashed back across the years, and she tried to imagine how she herself would have felt if at Cynthia's age she had been promised a gift of a hundredth part of the value of the one now under discussion. What joy, what excitement, what almost incredulous delight she had experienced in the advent of the most trifling present; how it had been treasured; with what pride and joy it had been worn! The memory of those happy moments was still fresh, and, like all the pleasant things in her life, she was anxious to share them with her only child, but Cynthia seemed persistently calm and indifferent.

"You take it very calmly, dear. I am afraid you are rather spoiled. In my young days I should have been enchanted with such a present."

"Ah, well!" Cynthia yawned carelessly; "I'm not keen on diamonds. They are so ordinary. Every woman one meets wears the inevitable stars and stripes. I'd prefer to go in for something individual and rare. But you are such a dear old mummie to give presents to—so young and enthusiastic! I think sometimes you are far younger than I. You are so amazingly pleased with



"The tone was patronising to a degree, but Mrs. Charrington was too much accustomed to the note of superiority to make any comment."

trifles, and so satisfied with your humdrum old life. It's very nice and sweet, and I admire you for it, for I should be so hideously bored in your place!"

"Bored! Humdrum!" Mrs. Charrington flushed with amazement and dismay. "I? My life humdrum? My dear child, what can you mean? I am one of the most fortunate women on earth. If I were given a wish to-day, I should not know—I really should not know what to ask! The best husband in the world; ample means, good health, this beautiful house; the interest of your life—I don't know what you mean!"

"Ah, well!" said Cynthia again. Her pursed lips and arched brows looked far from convinced. Her mother's calm, well-ordered existence was far from appearing perfect in her eyes, and presently the thought found expression in words:

"Yes, of course, it's very quiet and calm and comfortable, and all that sort of thing, but don't you ever have a spasm of longing

for something *new*—for a change, even if it were perhaps for something not quite so nice? To wake in the morning, and not know what was going to happen; to have your life a little vague and undecided, so that you didn't see ahead, and were like a traveller—an explorer feeling his way through a strange land—not knowing what was round the next corner or under his feet at the next step! Your life, *our* lives here, are like little morning promenades down those gravel paths, with all the stones carefully rolled down flat, and the edges trimmed smooth and straight. Don't you ever long to get *out*—into the real big world?"

"Ah, Cynthia, dear, I've *been* out! It's because I've been there that I'm so unutterably grateful to be safe and sure. You don't know what you are talking about, darling. I do! And it's the thing above all others for which I am most thankful that we are rich enough to protect you from ever having to go through my own

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experiences. I don't often speak of them. I have hidden them from you out of a desire to keep your youth bright and untroubled, but lately I've wondered if I have been mistaken—if it would not be better for you to realise the kind of life which many girls have to live, and the troubles which you have been spared. Perhaps I've been too anxious to shield you—to make things quite smooth—”

“Perhaps so; and I don't like them smooth, so turn over a new leaf, darling, and let me have a taste of the rough for a change! Tell me about your youth! Your parents died, and you were poor, and you went out teaching, and then father came along and married you, and you had only three dresses in your trousseau. I know all that already. You had bad times; but they were soon over, for you were only twenty-three when you married.”

Mrs. Charrington's lips quivered.

“But I was a woman at fifteen—a careworn, little, weary woman, with the whole weight of a household on my shoulders, and next to no money to keep it on. My father had a mania for speculation, Cynthia. You wouldn't understand, and I can't talk of all the misery and suspense which that infers. He had been a kind, good father, but things went wrong with him. Mother died, and his business declined, and he began to speculate in the hope of retrieving lost ground. He did not gain; he only lost more and more. But having once begun, it seemed as if he had not the strength of mind to stop, though everyone else saw that there was nothing but ruin ahead. I was the eldest of five, and the youngest was a baby. We had one cheap little servant, and she and I had to manage everything between us. We moved from one house to another—always to one smaller and cheaper and drearier than the last—and the money grew scarcer and scarcer. The thing that tried me more than anything was being dunned for bills, and having to interview the rough, angry men, with their hard faces and threats. I used to tremble at the sound of the door bell. The impression is so fixed on my mind, that even now if I hear a very loud, sudden peal I start and grow hot; and, oh! what a comfort it is to realise where I am, and that no one in the world can say that I have not paid him his due! . . . There was no money to send the children to school, so I taught them what little I knew; and I sat up half

the night to study from my old school-books, so that I might not be too ignorant myself. Poor, little, weary child! When I look back through the years I can hardly realise that she and I are the same person. And now that I am a parent myself I can understand less than ever how a father could continue risking his money at the cost of such suffering for his motherless children.”

“But he might have won!” Cynthia had ceased to swing her feet; the smile had faded from her face, which was now keen and tense with interest. “He had tried the dull, conventional ways of making money, and they had failed. I don't wonder that he took to speculation. He *might* have won, and then all would have been right!”

“But he did not win! It's a dangerous game, Cynthia; especially for a poor man, who has no money behind to enable him to wait the turn of the market. The constant strain and disappointment killed my poor father while he was quite young. I was eighteen at the time, and when all the debts had been paid there was just five hundred pounds left of his insurance money. Do you realise what that means, Cynthia? About twenty pounds a year to provide for five growing children. Of course, it was an impossible situation, and our few friends and relations had to come to the rescue. One of the boys was sent to sea; another was apprenticed to a farmer in Canada; some childless lady adopted my dear little baby Joan on condition that her relations gave her up absolutely and entirely, and never tried to see her again. That nearly broke my heart, but I dared not refuse; it was the chance of a comfortable home for the dear little soul, and she was too young to realise the change. So she went, too. I have never seen her since. And six months later Margaret—the only one left in England—caught a sudden chill, and died after a few days' illness. Think of that, Cynthia! Only nineteen, and alone in the world! Can you imagine how I felt?”

The question was put as a mere matter of form, for how was it possible that this cherished darling could realise the meaning of loneliness; but, to Mrs. Charrington's amazement, the answer came in a quick affirmative.

“Yes, I know! I'm an only child myself, and I've *ached* for brothers and sisters. At any rate, you had had the others for nine-

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teen years, and there were still the boys to think of—to write to, to get their letters in return. You could never have been as lonely as I am now!"

A spasm of pain flitted across Mrs. Charrington's face. It was always a stab to her when Cynthia's lament over her loneliness brought home to her heart the sad truth that all the love and thought on earth are powerless to compensate for the one gift of youth. She herself would ask no better companion than this cherished young daughter, but Cynthia's eyes were turned towards the dawn. It was not protection which she wanted, nor wisdom, nor advice; but adventure, liberty, change—the companionship of spirits young and ardent as herself. Mrs. Charrington sighed, and continued her tale:

"I was nursery governess to some children at that time. The mother said she would be obliged to discharge me if I were not more cheerful. It was bad for the children to be depressed. That was a hard lesson in self-control for a young girl! I was younger than you at that time, Cynthia; but I had nowhere else to go, and was terrified at the thought of being adrift. I stayed there two years. In the holiday time I hired a room, and studied hard, with the hope of gaining a better salary some day. And then one night—I have told you this before!—father came to dine at the house, and one of the children hurt himself in the drawing-room, and cried for me—"

"And you ran down and took him in your arms, and you had on a blue dress, and your hair was all gold and crinkly, and father looked at you, and his heart went thud, thud, and a voice spoke in his ear and said, 'My queen! My queen!' And you looked at him—he had a square chin and kind, grey eyes—and *your* heart went bang! bang! and the voice said, 'My prince! My prince!' and all was peace and joy for evermore. Yes, my Mumkins, I've heard it, several hundreds of times, at the least! . . . It was delightful for you, of course, for you had already had so much change and excitement in your life; but for my own part I should prefer that things didn't go *quite* so smoothly. There ought to be a little suspense and excitement to lead up to the grand finale—three whole volumes of throbs and fears before settling down to the prose of life. It's so horribly prosaic after marriage!"

Mrs. Charrington laughed—the happy,

amused laugh with which one greets the absurdities of a child.

"There's just a thing or two in the world which you don't understand, my dear! When your time comes, you will be thankful enough to dispense with difficulties. Certainty is a blessed thing!"

Cynthia pondered, her head tilted back on her full, round throat, her feet swinging gently to and fro. Seen against the subdued tints of the book-lined walls, she looked like a charming picture of the nut-brown maid; tawny hair and hazel eyes giving the needed touch of warmth to the dull brown of her dress. The eyes narrowed in thought, until the double line of dark lashes almost hid them from sight; the red lips curled with a flexibility peculiar to themselves. It was an unusual and arresting face; a face in which mere beauty was subservient to the inner force which awoke the interest and curiosity of the beholder. This girl, one felt intuitively, was cut out of a different block from the great majority of her companions; she was no pretty, malleable piece of pink and white, waiting to be shaped by the first strong influence which came along. Hers was a personality; a character ready made, crudely made as yet, with harsh, unsoftened corners, but a character, none the less, worth studying, worth finding out. She was still young enough to find her greatest pleasure in the study of herself, and in probing into the depths of her soul; and to-day it was evident that some problem of especial interest was occupying her brain. She stared into space, forgetful of her mother's presence; and her mother watched her with a smile. It was not often that Cynthia was so silent, so absorbed, and the laughing, animated countenance looked unfamiliar in this thoughtful vein. Unfamiliar; yet even as the word formed itself in her brain, a chill of pain ran through Mrs. Charrington's veins. The sense of serene well-being, which had made the crowning joy of her married life, gave place to a painful remembrance. She had flown back through the years to the days when anxiety and suspense had been her daily fare; her outlook, fear and trembling. What had brought back so vivid this remembrance of her troubled youth on a day of happy rejoicing? Mrs. Charrington looked again at her daughter, and with a painful contraction of the heart acknowledged the truth. It was Cynthia's likeness

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to the dead man of whose sad history she had just been speaking. How was it that she had never noticed it before—this startling, arresting resemblance, this duality which went far deeper than the surface similarity of line and colour? The pose of the figure, the pucker of the brow, the deep, contemplative gaze—it was almost uncanny to see them reproduced upon the face of her own young daughter. For a moment she could not speak; and in that moment Cynthia lifted her hand, and absently grasped her chin between the forefinger and thumb. That movement; that attitude! How many hundreds of times had Mrs. Charrington watched it in her youth, wondering tremblingly what new project was under consideration? She straightened herself with a shiver.

"Cynthia! Don't stare like that! What's the matter with you? What are you thinking about?"

Cynthia dropped her hand with a start of surprise. Her shoulders heaved in a sigh, as if she were awakening with difficulty from a sleep.

"I was thinking," she said slowly, "many things! I have been puzzled many times trying to understand, but this explains! It explains many things. It explains myself. It must have come down to me!"

"What must have come down to me?"

"Grandfather's spirit! I am not like you, mother; I am not like father. I have wondered where I belonged. This explains! These things often skip a generation. The gambler's spirit has skipped over you, to come down to me."

"My dear, good child, don't talk so wildly! It pains me. I can't bear it. You have everything you need; we can give you everything. With what could you possibly gamble—a girl like you?"

Cynthia opened her brown eyes, and fixed them full on her mother's face. Her voice swelled to a rich, full note.

"My life!" she said.

busy superintending the final arrangements for their entertainment. Cynthia's share in the work seemed entirely confined to criticism. She strolled from room to room with a leisurely air, laying her pretty head on one side, and staring round with a quizzical smile.

"I should have kept all the flowers yellow for this room!"

"Oh, would you? I thought the pink gave just the right touch of colour. Why didn't you say so before, dear, and I would have had them changed? How many of your young friends do you expect to-night? I have grown quite puzzled over so many lists. There is no one whom I don't know, I think, except the friends who are staying with the Jardines?"

"No," said Cynthia, and then suddenly and unexpectedly she blushed; a vivid, uncomfortable blush. "And Mr. Reid! You said I could ask anyone I liked, and I've seen a great deal of him lately. It really seemed rude to leave him out. I sent him a card the other day. I meant to tell you when you came in. He's coming, and you'll like him awfully. He's quite an acquisition. So different from most Liverpool men."

Mrs. Charrington knitted her brows in silence, evidently not altogether pleased by the intelligence.

"In what way is Mr. Reid superior to Liverpool men?" she asked at length, with an edge of coldness in her voice. "I have noticed that he appeared to be profoundly bored at being obliged to live here for a couple of years. I suppose to some extent that is natural, though it's not altogether polite to show it so plainly. We are under the impression that there are worse places to live in than the 'good old town.'"

As she spoke Mrs. Charrington drew back a silk curtain, which shaded the window by which she stood, and looked out over the wide expanse of Sefton Park with an air of affectionate pride. Her house was one of the belt of handsome, self-contained residences which stand in their own grounds round the circuit of the park, and Mr. and Mrs. Charrington were wont to congratulate themselves on having secured a site from which the view was the widest and most varied. She looked at the long sheet of water glittering in the sunlight; at the glass roof of the palm house; at the rolling stretch of green mounting up to the square tower of Mosley Hill Church; and the look of affront deepened in her face.

CHAPTER II

THE SHADOW OF TRAGEDY

FORTUNATELY for her own peace of mind, Mrs. Charrington had not much leisure to think over her daughter's words, which had startled her so painfully at the moment of utterance, for in the evening a large party of friends had been invited in honour of her birthday, and she was kept



"Cynthia lifted her gauzy skirts in two extended hands, and danced a little *pas seul* about the room"—p. 8.

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"Mother! you know perfectly well. In the same way that the capital of the world is superior to any provincial city."

"I lived all my early life in London, and I can assure you, Cynthia, that except for the few who have the entrée into the favoured circles—I am not speaking of the smart world, but of the intellectual—there are not many who can boast of as interesting and cultured a circle as we have here. Think of our guests to-night; recall them in your mind! Professor Daughlish, for instance! He is one of the most charming and cultivated of men."

"Um—yes! Not bad. A pity his collars are so low! You can't see them a bit at the back."

"Cynthia, how absurd! As if collars need be taken into account! . . . And Mr. Bright—his books are known over all the world."

Cynthia laughed merrily. She had an air of relief, as if a subject which had weighed on her mind had been disposed of with unexpected ease. Her long eyes narrowed, and her lips curved.

"And so much more interesting than himself! Authors should never be known in the flesh. They spoil their own effects. I can never appreciate Mr. Bright's love scenes for thinking of him, and how he would mouth all the time he was writing them. . . . 'Beloved!' (munch, munch, munch!). 'Beloved of my soul!' (munch, munch!). 'Can it be possible that you will, indeed, be mine?' (munch!). And I feel inclined to shriek, 'No! Certainly not. Nothing would induce me!'" Cynthia straightened her face, shot a glance at her mother, and, seeing the cloud still lingering, slipped a strong young arm round her waist, and whirled her forcibly around the room.

"Now, now, it's your birthday, and I won't have you frown. Remember your blessings. You've got a diamond brooch, and a party, and you are the prettiest, youngest-looking, middle-aged mother in the whole world."

"And you are the most perplexing daughter!"

"Yes. What a comfort that is! If I were not, you would lose your chief subjects of conversation at one fell swoop. My faults and vagaries supply you with unending material, and you can sit with your friends discussing the shortcomings of the young over tea and muffins the whole

year round. Kiss me! My brown dress has come home, and looks a duck!"

"I wish it had been white. All young girls—"

"That's why I don't! And none of them wear brown. That's why I do. Incidentally, it suits me better than anything else. I think I should like a topaz necklace—very, very good topaz, in an antique setting. It would give just the high light necessary to my scheme of colouring. You might remember!"

"Might I, indeed? What next?" Mrs. Charrington laughed, her good humour restored, and Cynthia sauntered out through the doorway, and took her way upstairs to her own room, smiling to herself with the air of one who has come triumphantly through a difficult situation.

An hour or two later, as Cynthia stood before her long swing mirror regarding the effect of her evening toilette, a tap at her door announced the arrival of her dearest friend; and the face which she turned in welcome was so radiant and sparkling, that Beth Elliot uttered an involuntary exclamation of admiration.

"Cynthia! How lovely you look!"

Cynthia lifted her gauzy skirts in two extended hands, and danced a little *pas seul* about the room. Beth's tribute of admiration gave the final touch to her satisfaction, and she felt really too happy to keep still. There were mirrors on three sides of the room, and each in turn reflected a whirling vision of brown and gold, and pink and white, as Cynthia wheeled and pirouetted from side to side.

"You won't look sweet much longer, if you prance about and get hot and blown. Stand still, madcap, and talk to me! The brown dress suits you perfectly. There won't be another like it in the room. It is so individual and unordinary."

"I'm so glad. I wanted to show that even in a provincial town some people were not swayed by arbitrary decrees, but could show individuality and taste—"

"Show—whom?"

"Everybody!" But Cynthia blushed again, and made haste to change the conversation. "Is Mr. Elliot with father?"

Beth Elliot shook her head with a sudden sobering of expression.

"No. He has not come home. I had a wire this morning to say that he would be detained, and that I was to come on alone. It's settling day, and he is often late. I

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hope he won't miss the music. It's one of the few things he does enjoy."

"Yes, it ought to be good. The soprano is to sing next Tuesday at the Philharmonic. Father has been extravagant this year." Cynthia made an effort to appear self-possessed, but in reality she was struggling with dismay. Settling day! Then other cotton men would be kept late as well as Mr. Elliot. What if Stamford Reid were late—what if he could not come at all? The evening stretched before her grey and blank—her excited anticipations crumbled into dust. Then with the impatient optimism of youth she shook off the unwelcome thought. Of course, he would come; he must; he should! Had he not said he was looking forward to meeting her again? It was unthinkable that mere business should keep him away. She turned with a smile to Beth Elliot, who had waited in vain for a return compliment, and was now compelled to ask for it outright.

"How do I look?"

Cynthia stared, head on one side, an affectionate smile curling the corners of her lips.

"Distilled essence of Bethumes! White, and cool, and confident. Just fashionable enough not to be dowdy; and unfashionable enough to be quaint; as calm and unexcited as if you were going to a district meeting, while I'm all fire and fume. Beth! isn't it a comfort we are so unlike? It will save us from so many dangers—jealousy, pre-eminently. It is inconceivable that the same man should have the least wavering between us!"

Beth considered the question the while she stood before the glass, putting the finishing touches to hair and dress.

"It would be a blind bat of a man who thought of me when you were near. Still, there *are* blind bats in the world, lots of them, or why do so many dull, uninteresting women marry when more charming ones remain old maids? There *might* happen to be a man who preferred a douce, quiet housekeeper to a gorgeous, young dragon-fly who did nothing but flutter in the sun! And our tastes are very much alike; we almost always agree. Don't flatter yourself that there are no rocks ahead. Supposing we both liked him, and he liked *me*? What would you do?"

"Kill you!"

Cynthia's reply came with instant fervour. Beth laughed, and shrugged her shoulders.

"And marry him yourself! I believe you are capable of it. You'd be a desperate character, if you were crossed. The safest plan will be for me to wait until you are safely married before I think of such a thing for myself. I should be quite happy keeping house for father, and being free to do as I like all day long, if only he were more like other men, or if I could get nearer to him in any way. It's dreadful to feel a stranger to your own father; and lately he has looked so old and anxious, that I hate asking for money to pay the bills. I'm sure he is worried in town."

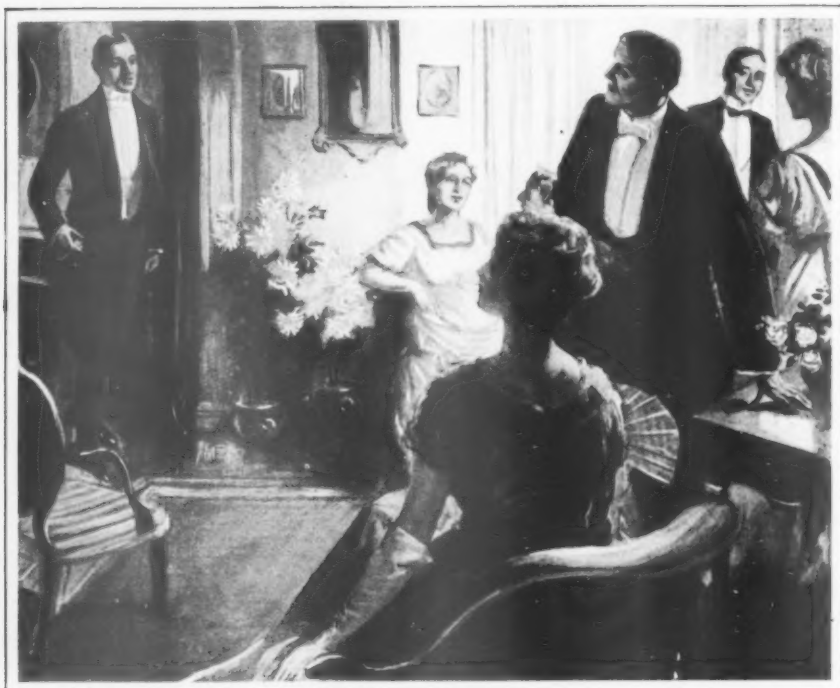
"Poor little Martha! Well, you aren't going to worry about bills to-night, anyhow. Come downstairs, and see the flowers. People will be arriving soon, and I must be ready to support mother. Later on I am going to get up a little dance."

During the next two hours the two girls did not meet again. Beth sat quietly in a corner with a girl friend—it seemed to be her rôle to sit in corners with women for her companions rather than men—while Cynthia helped her mother to receive over a hundred guests, and to marshal them in the seats in the big drawing-room where the concert was to take place. Beth looked at her several times during the performance with an uneasy question in her mind. Cynthia was looking brilliantly handsome, but not quite happy; the light in the eyes, the carmine stain on the cheeks were almost feverish in their intensity. Things were not going well; in some way or other the evening was not bringing the expected enjoyment. What could have happened to disappoint her?

Beth had not as yet made the acquaintance of Stamford Reid, and with a reserve which was as significant as it was unusual, Cynthia had not spoken of her special anxiety to include him among her mother's guests; so that the girl had no clue to her friend's distress as the hours passed by, and brought no sign of the longed-for guest.

Poor Cynthia! It was her first taste of the rankling misery of such a disappointment. The pleasure of the party had vanished. Pride was the only thing which sustained her; but Cynthia's pride was a very vital force. She could not have endured that anyone should pity her, or divine her disappointment; and to avoid such a possibility she assumed her gayest, liveliest air.

As soon as the concert was over she swept a party of her chosen friends into a cur-



"Suddenly her eyes lit up with a gleam of pleasure as a tall man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight advanced across the hall"—p. 12.

tained alcove of the large hall, and kept them in peals of laughter by her merry chatter. They were all young people—little more than boys and girls—with the exception of one tall, thin man with a pronounced stoop in his shoulders and a plain but noticeable face. He had followed in Cynthia's wake from the concert-room, the only unbidden member of the band, and looked somewhat out of place in the midst of the youthful coterie.

Beth Elliot, watching the entrance door to see whether by chance her own father might even now arrive among the late guests, noticed that her friend's eyes kept wandering in the same direction, and had an instant perception of the truth. Cynthia was waiting for someone who had not yet arrived, and for that reason had chosen this point of observation. Whom could it be?

The buzz of the electric bell sounded through the house; the front door opened and shut, and another guest made his ap-

pearance. Both girls looked up sharply, and felt a mutual pang of disappointment at the sight of a stout, grey-haired man, whose wife and children were among the guests already assembled. He looked white and grave. In the midst of her preoccupation Cynthia noticed as much, and greeted him with especial cordiality.

"How good of you to come, Mr. Bennet! Mrs. Bennet said she was afraid you would be too late. We seem to have chosen rather an unfortunate evening. Miss Elliot is still looking out for her father."

Mr. Bennet started, and cast a quick glance around. He was as intimate with Beth Elliot as with her young hostess, but the sight of her seemed to-night to cause an inexplicable agitation. He frowned, bit his lip, hesitated over his words.

"Ah-h, Beth! I am taking my wife home in a few minutes. She has to be careful about late hours. Let us drive you home! Mr. Elliot will hardly come along so late!"

Beth's expression spoke eloquently of her

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surprise and disinclination, but before she had time to speak Cynthia had answered for her:

"Oh, I couldn't possibly spare Beth so soon. Our part of the evening is just beginning, Mr. Bennet. It is far too early."

Mr. Bennet stood for another moment, knitting his brows as if puzzling out a difficult problem, then passed on hurriedly in silence. Cynthia shrugged her white shoulders, and turned to her companion, the same Professor Daughlish whose collar had been the subject of lament a few hours before.

"How curious old people are! They seem to lose all remembrance of how they felt when they were young. Mr. Bennet evidently thinks it would be much nicer for Beth to leave now, and drive home in his comfortable brougham, than to stay on and tire herself with dancing, and be content with an ordinary cab. It makes me cross! People ought really to exercise a little imagination."

Professor Daughlish smiled down into the girl's flushed, petulant face. He had a charming smile.

"But in the matter of age you would surely not press it too hardly! If a man can be so content with his limitations that he actually believes them to be luxuries, would you be so cruel as to interfere? Isn't it a satisfaction to feel that when we in our turn grow old, we shall enjoy our limitations with the other fogies, and feel sorry for the privations of the young?"

Cynthia brought her brows together in a sharp glance of surprise. "When *we* grow old!" It seemed to her astonishing that Professor Daughlish should thus put himself in the same category as a girl of twenty-two. She had always looked upon him as quite old, and her appraising glance was so transparent, that he answered it as a question:

"Thirty-four! Miss Charrington, please don't look so surprised! Did you put me down a veteran of sixty?"

Cynthia laughed, and checked herself on the point of declaring that she had never given a thought to the subject.

"You see you are a professor! My awe and admiration of the position lifted you to a pinnacle far removed from youthful follies. I am not at all sure that my awe is not increased by finding that you are so young in years! It must mean that you are even cleverer than I supposed. I should

consider it a liberty to treat a professor as I would another man of his age."

"Isn't that rather hard on the professors? I assure you, Miss Charrington, we are very human, and just as thankful for an occasional relaxation from hard, dry fact as other men. I should like very much to be included in your youthful follies!"

Malcolm Daughlish spoke with an impetuosity which surprised himself as much as his hearer. An hour ago—ten minutes ago—he would have been prepared to declare that he had neither time nor inclination for anything outside his work, which was surely the most interesting and congenial a man could possess; but there was something about this brown-eyed, brown-robed, tawny-headed girl which stirred the youth within him, and gave him a sudden feeling of unrest. He was not satisfied to be put on one side, and regarded with awe; he felt a stab of jealousy towards those "other men" who were treated differently from himself. Cynthia, on her side, was aroused to a passing interest by so unexpected a declaration on the part of a man whom she had always regarded as her parents' friend rather than her own. She regarded him with eyes full of a new interest.

Tall, thin, sinewy, square of forehead, square of jaw, clean-shaven, well-marked brows, and unusually thick dark lashes, giving a softness of expression to the grey eyes. No one could by any possibility call him handsome, but he was much less plain than she had supposed. He was *interestingly* plain. The lines in his face were so expressive; when one began to look, one felt compelled to look again; the features grew in interest. Cynthia decided that the professor should be admitted on trial into the privileged circle of her friends.

A moment had passed by during the passage of these thoughts, the while the man and the girl gazed into each other's eyes, thoughtfully at first, then with a growing sparkle of humour, finally with undisguised smiles.

"Monsieur le Professeur," cried Cynthia, bending her graceful head in mock obeisance, "may I request the honour of your company to an impromptu dance when our reverend seigneurs have departed to their rest?"

"Ah, I'm sorry," he said. "I have never learnt to dance, and I'm afraid it's too late to begin. I should like to stay if you will allow me, and have the pleasure of looking

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on. Perhaps, if it would not be too great a sacrifice, you would sit out a dance with me!"

"I will with pleasure. Do you know—please don't think me rude!—I think I am rather glad that you don't dance!"

"May one ask why?"

"I can't say. One has ideas of different personalities. I have one of you, and to see you whirling around in a waltz or galop wouldn't fit. We must think of some other kind of amusement which would be more appropriate."

Professor Daughlish drew his brows together, as if trying to decide what kind of idea this bright-haired girl had conceived of himself; but before he had time to speak Mr. Bennet appeared once more, accompanied by his wife. She was a thin, nervous-looking woman, and her manner to-night seemed more nervous and disjointed than usual as she bade Cynthia good night, and turned to address Beth Elliot.

"Dear Beth, can't I persuade you to drive home with us? It is getting late, and Mr. Bennet thinks that your father will not come on. We should like to see you safely home, and you look tired, dear. Do come with us!"

Beth flushed with surprise, in which there was more than a touch of resentment. The voice in which she replied was very clear and emphatic:

"I am not at all tired, Mrs. Bennet, and I should be dreadfully disappointed to go home so early in the evening. I prefer to stay."

"But your father! Perhaps *he* would wish——"

"No, indeed! Father knew that I expected to be late. He was perfectly willing for me to stay."

Husband and wife exchanged a glance; distressed, puzzled, uncertain, hesitated a moment longer, and then unwillingly walked on towards the door. Beth turned back to her companions. Cynthia faced the professor, with eyes agleam and lips eloquently pursed.

"Well!"

The professor took a step forward, altering his position, so that he stood with his back towards Beth.

"Well! Don't be too hasty in your judgment, Miss Charrington. I have a suspicion that there is some serious reason why these good people are so anxious to carry off your friend."

"I'm sure there is not. Pure fuss, and nothing more. Silly nonsense about chaperonage, or something of the kind. What *could* there be?"

"The father, for instance! Perhaps it is some trouble which has kept him away."

"All the more reason why the poor girl should enjoy herself while she has the chance. No! Professor, I can't allow you to croak. You are a recruit to the ranks of youthful frivollers, and it is an offence against our creed. If you stay on to my dance you must promise solemnly not to think or hint of trouble of any kind."

"I don't think there would be much difficulty in keeping that promise in your company."

There was a quiet sincerity in the professor's voice, which sounded gratefully in Cynthia's ears; and during the next few minutes she succeeded more nearly in forgetting her own disappointment than during any other part of the evening. Suddenly, however, her attention wandered, her eyes became vacant and abstracted, then lit up with a gleam of pleasure as a tall man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight advanced across the hall from the direction of the cloak-room.

Malcolm Daughlish's eyes followed hers, and he acknowledged to himself that he had seldom seen a handsomer specimen of a young Englishman than this newcomer, with his fair Saxon colouring, well-set head, and tall, graceful figure. There was about him, moreover, a certain air of elegance and distinction which differentiated him from the surrounding men; and although there does not at first sight appear to be much possibility of degree in a man's evening attire, even the professor's unnoticing eye was aware of the yawning difference between his own well-worn, plentifully creased garments and the immaculate perfection of those worn by Mr. Stamford Reid. For some mysterious, inexplicable reason the contrast gave him a pang of regret.

"Miss Charrington, I am disgracefully late! I owe you a hundred apologies. I should have sent a wire, but I was hoping all the time to be able to get away. We have had an awful day."

"I am so glad to see you. Better late than never. It is nice of you to have come at all, when you have been so rushed. Another cotton man came in a short time ago, and was so harassed and upset, that he insisted upon taking his wife home at once."



"'Be careful what you say,' he said sternly. 'Be very careful. This lady is Miss Elliot. You are speaking of her father!'"—p. 14.

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Things must have been unusually lively to-day."

Stamford Reid shrugged expressively.

"I hope so, indeed. If to-day were a fair sample, life on the flags would be unbearable. The New York market went mad, and sent our prices—" He broke off with a laugh and a graceful, apologetic bow. "I beg your pardon, Miss Charrington! I have no right to talk shop here."

"Oh, but I like it. I'm always interested in cotton alarms. If one-half of the brokers are sad, the others are triumphant, so there must always be an air of cheerfulness and content." Cynthia's eyes were sparkling; but Stamford Reid's face darkened.

"Not always," he said below his breath; "not always. Sometimes it spells tragedy. To-day—"

"Yes? What? Have you had a tragedy to-day?"

The young man hesitated.

"It's not a lively subject for an evening entertainment, Miss Charrington. Some other time—"

"No, no! You have aroused my curiosity, and I want to hear. What was it? A failure?"

"Worse than a failure."

"What can be worse?"

"One of our members absconded this afternoon. He has been plunging heavily, and this rise finished him, I suppose. It was hushed up for a few hours; very few men knew before leaving town, but the evening papers have got hold of it, so it's all up. He got off by the London express from Lime Street at two o'clock, but he must have left the train *en route*, for he was not to be found at Euston. It's a big smash, and will bring down a lot of people besides himself. Disgraceful thing! He must have known he was hopelessly involved. I was speaking to his salesman, Macnaught, this afternoon—" Stamford Reid turned his head suddenly as a stifled gasp of dismay sounded from behind, and found himself face to face with a tall, slight girl, whose dress was hardly more colourless than her cheeks; whose wide, wild eyes questioned his with a deadly anxiety.

"What name did you say? *What name?* You spoke of his salesman. . . . His name was *not* Macnaught!"

"I—I beg your pardon!" The young man's face flushed with distress. His mind called up a mental picture of the young

salesman Macnaught as he had seen him that afternoon—a fine, upstanding fellow, whom any girl might love. That was it, no doubt. This poor girl was attached to him, possibly even engaged. She was horrified to hear his name mentioned in such a connection. He hastened to reassure her. "Er—yes, his name *was* Macnaught; but there is no blame attached to him. He's awfully cut up; had no idea what was coming. Elliot has kept him completely in the dark as regards finance. Talked to him quite collectedly this morning a few minutes before he left. I'm told he has no wife—a good thing under the circumstances—only a daughter—"

Again the young man stopped short, arrested by something painfully acute in his hearers' attention. Two or three couples, who had been standing around, turned abruptly, and disappeared into the drawing-room. The tall girl with the white face came a step nearer, and another step, until her face was close to his own. Her eyes looked black against the white of her skin; she panted for breath, as one who has run a race.

"How do you know that he has absconded? What right have you to condemn him unheard? If he chooses to leave town, has he not a perfect right to do so without asking permission? How dare you take for granted that he is flying like a coward!"

"He—he left a letter; it is in the papers to-night. He makes no excuse; he knows what he has done. I'm—I'm horribly sorry. I said it was not a subject for to-night. I am afraid I have distressed you, but Macnaught is all right. I assure you he is all right! No one would think of blaming him. It's Elliot's doing from first to last."

The laboured, obtuse explanations struggled out one after another as the two girls stood, petrified, gazing into his face. Cynthia seemed as much paralysed with horror as her friend. It was the professor who stretched out his hand and drew together the heavy velvet curtains which screened the alcove from the rest of the hall—the professor who caught Beth's swaying form, and steadied her against his arm.

"Be careful what you say," he said sternly. "Be very careful. This lady is Miss Elliot. You are speaking of her father!"

[END OF CHAPTER TWO]

Are We Losing the Bible?

The question answered by the Dean of Manchester, Professor Peake, Dr. David Brook, Canon Horsley, Dr. Archibald Fleming, Dr. John Clifford, Canon J. M. Wilson, Dr. Eugene Stock, Dr. W. L. Watkinson, and Archdeacon Madden

Views collected by G. M. MACKNESS

THERE is a time-honoured custom which ordains that at the coronation of our Kings and Queens the Bible shall always be borne before the person of the Sovereign. Southey, in his "Book of the Church," tells us how this custom arose. He states that at the coronation of King Edward VI., when the three swords for the three kingdoms were brought to the young Prince to be carried before him, the lad suddenly turned to those around him, and, observing that "something yet was wanting," called for the Bible. "That," said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us who use these for the people's safety by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing, we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day, and receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs, for from that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength."

Nearly four hundred years have elapsed since the youthful monarch paid this noble tribute to the Sacred Book, and with the passing of the centuries generations of humbler folk have borne like witness to its influence. Millions, too, have profited by its messages of comfort, hope, and inspiration but have left no record of the fact. Yet with all this there is a feeling, amounting almost to conviction in the minds of many, that all is not well with the Bible in this country to-day. "Its interest is on the wane, and people no longer take comfort in reading it, as their fathers once d'd," said a well-known

preacher not long ago. "There is very little Bible-reading even amongst thoughtful and Christian people," is the verdict of another; while yet a third has declared that: "Those who read and study the Bible and try to shape their spiritual life upon its teaching are fewer now than formerly."

With the object of discovering to what extent these views are shared by the general body of religious workers in this country I put myself in touch with some of the most distinguished Church and Nonconformist leaders, both lay and clerical, and requested them to supply such answers to the following questions as their knowledge or experience suggested:

(1) Do you think that the practice of Bible-reading is falling into disuse? If so, can you suggest a reason? (*e.g.* might it be due to the enforced pace of modern life? Or to the influence of Higher Criticism? Or to neglect of church attendance and consequent indifference to one's spiritual needs?)

(2) Can you suggest some reasons why the Bible should be read—apart, of course, from the first and obvious reason?

(3) What, in your opinion, can be done (*e.g.* by parents and teachers) to rescue the Bible from the neglect into which it appears to have fallen in many quarters?

Dr. A. S. Peake

One of the first to reply was Dr. A. S. Peake, Rylands Professor of Bible Exegesis in the University of Manchester. Professor Peake admits that as a layman he has not the opportunity which those in the ministry possess of gauging the extent to which Bible-reading has fallen into

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disuse. "But," he adds, "such indications as come my way suggest to me very strongly that the Bible is probably less read now than formerly, though one may set against this the success which attends organisations specially designed to pledge their members to Bible-reading.

"With regard to your questions:—

(1) "The causes of neglect are numerous. There is first the pace of modern life which leaves very little time in many cases for Bible-reading, so that time has to be specially made for it. There is next the enormous enlargements of interests. Where there are so many competitors for people's leisure the Bible naturally is thrust aside to make way for amusement. Again, there is the widespread indifference to organised religion, and Bible-reading shares the fate of attendance at church. It must, however, be remembered that in the older and more stringent observances of religion conventionality played an enormous part, so that such religious observance as exists at present is likely to be much more genuine.

"Again, there is the breakdown of an intellectual belief in Christianity, which is probably larger than is generally recognised. Where Christianity is considered to be as likely as not untrue, the Bible inevitably suffers with it. It is possible, of course, that critical enquiry has operated to some extent in the same direction, but this is due largely to misunderstanding of criticism, and on the other hand it is certainly the case, as can be proved by abundance of testimony, that criticism has in numerous instances rekindled interest in the Bible.

(2) "The Bible should be read first of all as an aid to spiritual life, for its disclosure of God's character, its revelation of the way of salvation, its teaching as to the Divine will for the conduct of our lives. But apart from that there are other reasons which in themselves would make familiarity with the Bible highly desirable. No person who is ignorant of the Bible



DR. A. S. PEAKE.

can be considered decently educated. It is one of the world's great literatures, and it brings before us a history which is in itself of surpassing interest. But the Bible is not only thus great in itself; its influence on history has been such that no one can understand the course which European history has taken in the post-Christian period without some acquaintance with Scripture.

"It has also left its mark very deeply upon our literature, so that for the true enjoyment of our great writers we must bring to

the study of them a mind stored with the knowledge of Scripture. Moreover, we are living in an environment, as well as inheriting a history, which has been very largely shaped by the Bible, and vast numbers of our fellow-countrymen make it the supreme guide of life. For due adjustment to this environment we need to be equipped by acquaintance with the Scriptures. However, the whole tendency of our time in the study of a subject is to go back to the origins. We cannot understand our own religion aright merely through any of the forms which it assumes in our own day; we must go back to the classical period and the classical documents in order that we may rightly appreciate it.

(3) "Something no doubt may be done by insistence on study of the Bible as a duty which no Christian ought to neglect, but much more can be done by creating an interest in it. The old-fashioned attitude of the Bible which placed it in a category by itself robbed the Bible of much of its human interest. We need to recreate the sense of reality, to make our young people feel that the characters they meet in its pages are beings of real flesh and blood, and to bring out the intense dramatic interest which the history of Israel possesses. Most important of all in this respect is it to revolutionise the whole way of studying the Bible and to relate it in the closest possible way with the history which it recalls. Great pains

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should also be taken to appeal to the sense for great literature wherever that sense is possessed. We should get rid altogether of the habit which treats Bible-reading as a kind of fetish and considers that the mere reading in itself is of value. It is the appropriation, the assimilation which is of most vital importance. And this involves not only a familiarity with the actual text, but also some study of the modern works which set the development of the literature in its true light."

Canon Wilson

The Ven. J. M. Wilson, D.D., formerly Head Master of Clifton, and afterwards



(Photo: Bennett and Sons.)
CANON WILSON

vicar of Rochdale and Archdeacon of Manchester, and now Canon of Worcester, is an earnest and broad-minded Churchman whose "Contributions to Religious Thought" and other writings have been an inspiration to many thousands of

readers. Canon Wilson in his reply to my request courteously referred me to a series of four lectures delivered by him at Worcester last year. In one of these he says: "After all the educational discussions for a century past how best to teach morality to the young, the Old Testament has not been displaced; rather we have learnt much as to its use for this purpose. It remains by far the best manual for such teaching the world has yet seen. . . . I do not say that it is easy to use the Old Testament well as a text-book of morals; I have used it too much to think it otherwise than difficult. But I believe that the worst use of it in our schools will have a better result than the best use of the modern text-books of moral teaching, because

it represents morality as a duty to God, as well as to man; because it brings the child naturally into the presence of God—a word and a thought which these text-books in general carefully avoid. Duty to man has no authority, no sanction, except where it is blended with duty to God."

Archdeacon Madden

"To give accurate replies to your questions is impossible; at the best it must only be guess-work," is the frank acknowledgment of the Ven. Archdeacon Madden, of Liverpool. "So much depends on what is meant by Bible-reading. If you mean the daily Bible-reading of devout Christian men and women, I think it is steadily increasing. The reports from the various Scripture Unions and the returns of Church Guilds and Communicants' Unions (the rules of which include daily reading of the Scriptures) show an increase of membership in the last ten years.

"If we take a wider outlook and include all who 'profess and call themselves Christians,' I would say there is a decrease of Bible-reading of the *formal* kind which prevailed fifty years ago. A good deal of this kind of Bible-reading was 'traditional.' It was 'respectable' and the custom of the house to gather servants and children together and to read the Bible and a Book of Prayers. It was an 'honouring' of God's Word in the letter at least. A good deal of that old-fashioned Bible-reading has passed away. Then, amongst the poor the Bible used to be read, or a few verses from it, as a kind of 'amulet' against evil. The 'magical' aspect of the Scriptures prevailed. There is very little of this kind of superstitious use of the Bible now.



(Photo: Moon and Morrison.)
VEN. ARCHDEACON MADDEN.

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It was a reverence of a kind for the Sacred Oracles, but one not to be encouraged.

"On the other hand, it appears to me, from observation, that there is an increase in the number of those who are reading the Bible *critically*. The Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, with the many handbooks issued to help our young people to prepare for the Bible part of these examinations, have created a desire to *know* the 'letter' of the Scriptures. Our children have a more intelligent grasp of the real meaning of the Scriptures than the children of fifty years ago. They have learnt to value the Bible on its historical, ethical, and literary sides.

"I think the Higher Criticism has led all devout students of the Scriptures to study them more thoroughly and more searchingly. Those who have given up reading the Bible because of the Higher Criticism cannot have read it to much advantage. To give up such reading was to give up what was worthless.

(2) "The supreme reason for reading the Bible, and that which can alone make it a book of moral and spiritual power in human life, is the acceptance of it as the 'Word of God'—God's message to man as to the Divine will and purpose. It is the Revelation of the mind of God, and of His relation to men. It is the medium through which God communicates to us His eternal purpose in Creation and Redemption. God the Holy Ghost makes it a living message to man in each generation. Through the 'Word of Truth' the soul is brought into direct personal communion with God, by the 'Spirit of Truth.'

(3) "If the Bible should cease to be 'The Book' in our elementary and second-

ary schools, and in the education of our teachers, then a new generation will arise which will look upon the Bible as a book of no importance because it has been treated as a book of no importance in their education."

Bishop Welldon

Dr. Welldon, Dean of Manchester, is of opinion that the Bible is neither read nor studied, at least in families, either so widely or so fully as during the Evangelical Revival of religion in the early part of the last century.

The cause, he thinks, is partly the stress of modern life, "but it is still more, I am afraid, the temporary decadence of spirituality—the half-unconscious materialism which has invaded the minds and hearts even of professing Christians.

(2) "When this is the case God often by some sudden stroke of discipline kindles the spiritual instincts of a nation into new life. He has done so of late by the death of King Edward. When spirituality revives, the Bible, as the most spiritual book in the world, will be valued again. I think anybody who studies history must feel that no book has exercised so profound an influence upon humanity as the Bible.

If so, a knowledge of the Bible is indispensable to a knowledge of human nature. Let me quote the words of Sir William Jones: 'I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the Bible, independently of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, and finer strains of eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever language they may have been written.'

(3) "I think the chief means of saving or rescuing the Bible from neglect lies in the use of the Bible as an instrument of



BISHOP WELLDON,
DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

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teaching in all secondary and elementary schools throughout the length and breadth of the land. Once banish the Bible from the schools, and the ignorance of the Bible will become deeper and darker. But, of course, parental example is a powerful factor in the estimate which children form of it."

Dr. Weldon adds that in his opinion both the teaching and the reading of the Bible should begin with the Gospels and with the simple facts of our Lord's life. All the rest of the Bible should be taught in relation to His central Person and work.

Canon Horsley

Canon Horsley, Rector of St. Peter's, Walworth, is at one with Professor Peake in denouncing the habit which treats Bible-reading as a kind of fetish. "To study, and not merely to read, the Bible is what is wanted," says the Canon, "and chapters have no special sanctity or utility. Bible-study should be an adjunct to and a consequence of public worship and common prayer, and should never be regarded as an equivalent to, or a substitute for, these religious duties.

(1) "Of the three reasons you assign I think the third is the most potent, the first somewhat so, and the second least of all and practically non-existent amongst the poor and lower middle classes, while with others it is probably more of an excuse than a reason.

(2) "English literature, speech, and thought is so full of matter derived from the Bible that no one could be educated or even understand common illustrations and allusions if they were ignorant of the Scriptures.

(3) "Parents and teachers are not in the same category in this respect. Teaching is increasingly a

matter which parents delegate, with more or less justification, to teachers. Schools do not neglect the Bible, although now Church schools are made to neglect its doctrinal and most important use, and the public schools for our upper classes are increasingly regarding it mainly as a matter of language and literature."



(Photo: E. H. Greenwell, Southport.)
REV. DAVID BROOK, M.A., D.C.L.

Dr. David Brook

The Rev. David Brook, M.A., D.C.L., past President of the National Free Church Council and pastor of Duke Street United Methodist Church, Southport, bids us remember that many thousands daily read their Bible by pledge as members of the International Bible Reading Association, and adds:—

"I find, too, that versions of the Bible in modern English are widely read. For all that, I fear there can be no doubt that on the whole the great book is less read by Church members than was once the case. All the reasons you mention have no doubt their influence, and the combination is a powerful one. Happily, I often come upon people who confess to a fresh discovery of the charm of the Bible. My hope is to get people to read it for the joy and pleasure of it. To read it simply as a duty is not satisfactory. Yet are there many occasions when we bless the habit, for it has brought us peace and guidance when, but for the habit, we might not have looked for them in this quarter."

Dr. Clifford

The veteran minister of Westbourne Park Church is nothing if not direct. "No, I do not," he wrote in reply to my first question; "on the contrary, from



(Photo: Reynolds Haines.)
CANON HORSLEY.

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facts that come before me I think Bible study must be increasing. Take the following: There is the International Bible Reading Association, which fixes portions of Scripture for every day. It has thousands upon thousands of readers in our Sunday schools. The Christian Endeavour Societies pledge their members to daily reading of the Scriptures. The Y.W.C.A. pursues a similar course; and that is a great and growing organisation.



(Photo: Russell and Sons.)

REV. A. FLEMING, D.D.

"Then Sunday-school teachers form a vast host. In England and Wales only the Free Churches have 404,615 and the Anglican Church 210,439, with 3,373,410 and 3,071,351 scholars respectively. Of course, all these teachers may be re-

garded as students and expositors of the Scriptures.

"The tendency of modern life is to judge everything by the newspaper, and the newspaper is a wholly unreliable guide on matters of this sort. It reports the noise and clamour of life, but does not come within vast spaces of the real and inward life of the people. The Higher Criticism has stimulated Bible-study and made it more thoughtful. Modern life is full of rush and hurry as you suggest, but it has its 'silences' as well.

(2) "The reason of reasons is that the Bible, and the Bible alone, tells us authoritatively of Christ Jesus, and of His Revelation of God as our Heavenly Father, meeting us with His grace, forgiving us our sins, and making new men of us by His Spirit. It tells, and it alone, what human life is and means, what it *really* is, and what should be made of it. It tells of the true solace for life's sorrows, interprets the mystery of pain, 'abolishes' death, and brings *immortality* as well as life to light.

(3) "Live it. Find out its meaning, and set forth its beauty and power.

"I believe," says Dr. Clifford, in conclusion, "that the use of Dr. Weymouth's 'New Testament in Modern Speech' would greatly quicken the interest of students of the Scriptures."

Dr. Fleming

The Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., of St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Belgravia, takes a similar view to Dr. Clifford, but on other grounds. On the whole he is optimistic.

"I would be inclined," he writes, "to question the assertion that the reading of the Bible is falling into desuetude, on the ground that the sale of, and therefore the demand for Bibles is increasing, not diminishing, year by year; and that whereas the purchase of standard works such as the plays of Shakespeare or the novels of Sir Walter Scott is often attributable to the desire to have these authors on library shelves (as much, at least, for ornament as for use), the purchase of copies of the Holy Scriptures is with a view to their being read. On the other hand, the persevering and serious study of the Bible is perhaps less frequently met with than of yore; but this is in keeping with the general disinclination of modern people to take up seriously any study not within the scope of their bread-winning necessities. But there is



(Photo: A. and G. Taylor.)

DR. EUGENE STOCK.

no danger of the Bible, even apart from religious considerations, ever being forgotten. That fate never permanently befalls the highest literature, which, even though it be thrown away on one generation will be greedily unearthed and devoured by the next.

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"With regard to suggestions whereby Bible-reading on the part of children might be promoted—if one could bring to an end the senseless squabbling between Christian sects as to dogmatic teaching in the day schools, there would, I am sure, be a consensus among the vast majority of teachers to employ regularly in their daily readings this invaluable text-book at once of literature, morals, and faith. In my native country of Scotland, where, fortunately, these squabbles with regard to religious teaching in day schools are practically non-existent, the Bible is regularly, consistently, and intelligently used, to the infinite advantage of the children and to the satisfaction of their parents."

Dr. W. L. Watkinson

The Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D., LL.D., the well-known Wesleyan preacher and author, sums up his views in a few brief but pregnant sentences:

(1) "I do not believe that Bible-reading has fallen into disuse; I should say that popularly it is more read and studied than ever before.

(2) "Its value to the intellectual and ethical life is obvious.

(3) "Let them (*i.e.* parents and teachers) give it a foremost place, speaking of it with conviction; not defending it with timidity, nibbling at what they teach, but speaking what they believe and know of its truth and preciousness."

Dr. Eugene Stock

Lastly, I quote the wise remarks of Dr. Eugene Stock, most distinguished of laymen and most faithful of workers in the cause of foreign missions:

"I do not agree," writes Dr. Stock, "that Bible-reading in any true sense has fallen into disuse. There is no doubt

a great diminution of formal and mechanical Bible-reading, of skimming a daily chapter as an irksome duty, of rattling through a few verses at a travesty of family prayers. But real Bible-reading, intelligent Bible-reading, Bible-reading that leads to study and to prayer—there was never at any previous period so much of it. Of course, it is practised by a small minority of the community; but when was real Bible-reading the custom of the majority, or even of a large minority?

"Commentaries, Bible Dictionaries, and books of all sizes on both Old and New Testament subjects, are pouring from the press and finding a ready sale. The Revised Version has had immense influence upon Sunday-school teachers and other unpretending but not unintelligent students. Biblical questions interest vast numbers of people.

"What is called Higher Criticism may have weakened the old traditional but more or less ignorant respect of careless folk for the Bible; and no doubt it has troubled some sensitive minds. But when a substantial book like George Adam Smith's 'Isaiah' goes through nineteen editions in about as many years, we may safely conclude that reasonable and reverent scholarship is helping and not hindering the genuine study which only confirms the student's faith.

"What is needed now is that devout Christian men should welcome the productions of scholarship such as this, and, instead of imitating the Inquisition in Galileo's day by denouncing honest scientific inquiry, help to reassure timid minds by the frank confession that human interpretations may be modified without in the least shaking what Gladstone called the Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture."



(Photo: R. Haines.)

REV. W. L. WATKINSON, D.D.

A Golden Wedding

A Complete Story

By J. J. BELL

AS the old couple crossed the gangway from the railway pier to the red-funnelled steamer, they attracted the mildly smiling interest of one or two of the crew, and on reaching the deck they were saluted in jocular yet kindly fashion by the elderly mate.

"I doot ye've been gaun yer mile the day," he said, with mock severity. "I never thocht to see Geordie Fairley an' his guid wife gettin' hame wi' the late boat on a Seturday nicht. I wonder what the captain'll say. I'm feart he'll be for pittin' ye in irons."

The old man smiled. "Ye can blame it on the wife, Andra. I couldna get her to come awa' frae the toon. First it was the electric-caurs, an' then it was the waux-works. She was that ta'en up wi' the waux-works, I was near leavin' her there as an example. An' then there was the bairdit lady, an' the tattooed man, an' the hen wi' three legs."

"Aw, puir beast!" cried Mrs. Fairley. "I couldna thole the sicht o' 't. Dinna listen to him, Andra. He's jist hayerin'. If it hadna been for him, I wud ha'e been hame wi' the five o'clock boat."

"Weel," said Andrew, "I jist hope ye'll manage to get him up in time to be at the kirk plate the morn's mornin'. I daursay yer golden waddin' is some excuse, but ye maun try an' behave yersels till ye get yer di'mond jubilee. But I maun get ye sates. Ye'll be wearit, Mistress Fairley."

"A wee thing," she replied. "A' the same, we've had a gran' day—a gran' day," she added with a glance at her man.

The mate found them a sheltered place on the saloon deck. "If ye feel it cauld, ye're jist to gang into the captain's room, an' mak' yersels at hame. That's what the captain said. He'll be comin' to see ye in a wee while. He was vexed no' to get speakin' to ye in the mornin', but he had v'm o' the directors on the bridge, an' couldna get awa' frae the bletherin' body.

Noo I'll ha'e to leave ye, but—muid an' behave yersels!" He laughed and went off to his duties, and a minute later the short voyage was begun.

In the clear dusk of the June night the steamer sped across the unruffled Firth, passing other steamers on their last runs from the coast, thronged with trippers, jewelled with lights, gay with music that filtered through the steady drumming of paddles—passing, also, yachts becalmed or being laboriously towed to mootings, mocked at by smart motor-boats. And once a great, white, ocean-going steam yacht, exquisite in lines and spars, silent, suave of motion, luminous, stole across the steamer's stern, her starboard light gleaming like an emerald.

"Isna that bonnie?" said Mrs. Fairley in a whisper, though fellow passengers were few and none within earshot. "Isna that bonnie, Geordie?"

The old man, interrupted in the enjoyment of a huge yawn, grunted an affirmative.

"I suppose it'll belang to some millionaire body," she pursued. "Hunners o' pounds woudna buy it."

"Nor theosans, wife," said Mr. Fairley, rousing himself. "But it's a' the same to you an' me—eh?"

"Deed, ay," she returned cheerfully. "I was jist thinkin' if John was here, he wud ha'e a yatt like them."

He nodded. "Surely," he said quietly. "John aye had the notion o' bein' a millionaire an' buyin' a steam yatt—"

"Ay; an' takin' his layther an' mither fine sails."

"Jist that," he nodded again, and there was a short silence. Then: "I had the same notion masel', Jessie, aboot fifty year back. D'ye mind?"

She moved the least thing closer to him. "I never wanted ye to be a millionaire, Geordie—dae you mind that?—nor to buy a yatt either," she said softly.

"Ay, I mind it fine. But I was thinkin' the noo that we're nae futter up



"'Iana that bonnie?' said Mrs. Fairley in a whisper.

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in the warld nor we was fifty year back." He sighed. "We're jist whaur we was."

"Weel, it's no' everybody can say that, man. We've got a' we need, an'—an' the folk ha'e been that kind. An' we've won through the fifty year."

Mr. Fairley got out his short clay pipe and set it alight. "Ay," he remarked in ruminative fashion, "we've won through; an', as ye say, it's no' everybody as does that. But I used to think the potato business micht grow to be a rale big affair; I used to see masel' commandin', as ye micht say, the market. But I had neither the brains nor the purse for that. It was a job for John, eh?—an' John's clever heid."

"Ay, if John was here, there wud be nae doot aboot it. A' the same, ye've done fine yersel', Geordie, an' ye're no' to think onything else. If John was here, he would be unco prood o' his fayther."

"D'ye think that, wife?"

"Ay; I think it, Geordie, man. An' ye're no' to vex yersel' aboot onything—effer us bein' thegither for fifty year."

Mr. Fairley smote his knee with his clenched fist. "Jessie," he cried, "wud ye ha'e thocht it was fifty year, if the meenister an' the neebours hadna been speakin' aboot naething else last nicht—if they hadna gi'ed us thon fine supper an' a' thae fine presents? Wud ye?"

"It was terrible kind o' them. But ye're richt, Geordie!—I was never sae minded o' ma age as last nicht."

"But ye dinna feel yer age?"

"Me? No' likely!"

"Nor me either. But, as ye say, they was a' terrible kind. John wud ha'e been prood to see us last nicht."

"Ay; the laddie wud that. An' he wud ha'e been prood to see ye spendin' a' thon cash in the toon the day. Ha'e ye got a' the paircels safe?"

"Andra's takin' care o' them for us. Did ye enjoy yer day i' the toon, wife?"

"I did that. It's been a gran' day. I doot it's *you* that's wearit, Geordie. Ye'll no' break ony sticks nor cairry coals the nicht, I'm thinkin'."

Mr. Fairley sat up. "I'm no' gaun to begin to break sticks on the Sawbath mornin' at ma time o' life," he said firmly. "I've never done it, an'——"

"Aweel, ye needna begin it this Saw-

bath, onywey; for, ye see, I got in plenty sticks an' coals this mornin' when ye was sleepin'."

"Me sleepin'!"

"Weel, weel, it's a' done, an' yer no' to fash yersel'. Ye deserved yer rest effer the braw speech ye made last nicht. I wisht John could ha'e heard it."

"He wud ha'e made a better yin—an' he wudna ha'e let his mither break sticks an' cairry coals at sax i' the mornin'."

Mr. Fairley's voice was somewhat rueful. "Nor his fayther either." She paused; she touched his arm. "But if John was here, he wud like us to be happy an' no' fash oorsels aboot onything—eh?"

"Ay, ye're richt, Jessie. A happy lad like John wud like to see everybody happy. My! that was a wonderfu' show we seen at the waux-work. I'll ha'e to tell Joseph Redhorn aboot the three-leggit hen. Joseph wud be rale interested. He wud ca' it a scienteefic curiosity, I suppose. His was the best o' a' the speeches last nicht, I'm thinkin'. He never mentioned the word 'fifty.'"

"Aw, Joseph's a nice man, though whiles he uses awfu' genteel language that or'nar' folk canna understan'. But I liket his speech fine. Oh! here's the captain comin'!"

The captain, a burly man of middle-age, greeted them heartily. He and Mr. Fairley had had a nodding acquaintance for a few years; until now they had not touched hands nor exchanged words save hurried remarks on the weather, delivered between the paddle-box and bridge. Mrs. Fairley was a little flustered by the attentions of the massive personage in smart navy-blue, gold buttons and white-roofed yachting cap; and when he invited the couple to accompany him to his private room in the deck-house, she clutched her husband's arm.

And behold!—in the private room, on a rosewood table, was laid a magnificent silver tray bearing a silver tea service, cups and saucers, and dishes of cakes and biscuits.

"We've jist time for a cup before we get to Fairport, Mrs. Fairley," said the captain; "and I'm honoured to have the company of you and your good man. I don't have a golden-wedding couple on board every day." He busied himself

A GOLDEN WEDDING

with the teapot, whilst his guests tried to find comfort in the unwonted luxury of plush-covered seats.

Mrs. Fairley could not help it: to her man she whispered, "John wud be awfu' proud to see us noo!"

"Whisht!" muttered Mr. Fairley, but he nodded his agreement with her remark.

"Andrew was telling me of the great event of last night," said the captain, after asking Mrs. Fairley as to her taste in sugar and cream, and receiving a reply which, owing to her confusion, was quite untruthful. "My own father and mother celebrated their golden wedding not long ago, so I understand a little of what it means. We aren't a big family, but we were all there with the old folks. A bit of cake, Mrs. Fairley—oh, not that scrap! Would you care for something stronger than tea, Mr. Fairley? Just say."

"Thank ye; I'll jist ha'e the tea. I never seen sic a gorgeous teapot," said Mr. Fairley.

His wife gave him a nudge.

"Oh, the company has some nice plate," said the captain easily. "You would have to make a speech last night. I remember making up one for my father, and he lost it, and did a far better one out of his own head."

"Ay, I had to mak' a speech, captain. Thank ye, but I'll ha'e a biscuit. I doot ma son wud ha'e made me a better yin, if he had been wi' us."

"You have only the one?"

The old couple nodded simultaneously, and stirred their cups of tea.

"Any daughters, Mrs. Fairley?"

The old man replied: "Jist the son, captain, jist the son—John. An' a better son nae man ever had. But the folk at Fairport was rale kind to us. Was they no', Jessie?"

"Terrible kind," she gently replied.

The captain opened a locker and brought out a small parcel. "I'm almost a stranger to you, Mrs. Fairley, but I hope you and Mr. Fairley will allow me to offer you a trifle to show my goodwill to you both. It's nothing at all—just one of the bits of stuff my son brought from India on his last voyage." He removed the wrapping and held out a small photo frame made of sandal-wood, carved curiously, with inlayings of silver.

The old couple stared at it; at last Mrs. Fairley took it. For the first time that day tears were in her eyes. There had been many kindnesses from friends, but this from an almost stranger seemed the greatest of all.

"Oh, sir! ye're faur ower guid to us," she murmured.

"Ye maunna rob yersel', captain," said her husband feebly, already seeing the frame on the parlour mantelshelf at home. "Ye've done plenty wi'oot this."

The captain laughed awkwardly; their gratitude was unexpected and a trifle upsetting. "It's nothing at all," he said. "It seems rather small for the modern size of photo, but—"

"It'll jist fit John's likeness." Two voices spoke the words well-nigh as one.

"Your son? Well, I'll be proud if you put your son in it."

"An' it's John wud be proud to see his likeness in this braw frame," said Mrs. Fairley, softly, warmly. "What a bonnie scent it's got, sir!"

The captain retailed some anecdotes concerning sandal-wood as told by his son, drifted to other subjects connected with India and the ship's trading thither, offered his guests fresh tea, and at last, with renewed good wishes, left them as he had to return to the bridge.

A minute passed ere either of the twain spoke.

"It's jist what John's likeness was needin'," said the old woman.

"Ay; an' yet we couldna ha'e chose a new frame oorsels—no' if it was yin o' pure gold. We wud never ha'e wanted to change the auld yin. But gettin' a new yin like this mak's it different—eh? 'Deed, it's nae use thinkin' ye ken a man frae seein' him. I aye thoct the captain o' this boat was a stuck-up kin' o' chap, an' noo—weel, he's naething but jist a—a kind man."

"Oh, terrible kind. I—I wish John was here. He wud like fine to see his fayther an' mither treated like what we've been treated."

"Ay; if John was here, I believe—I believe the captain wud ha'e askit him up to the bridge, jist like a director. An' dootless John wud ha'e been a director by this time—if he wasna ower high up in the world for that."

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"He wudna be ower high to be prood o' his parents the nicht, Georgie."

"Ye're richt there, Jessie, for we've been treated like kings an' queens. . . . Weel, I think we're nearin' Fairport noo. The boat's slowin'. We best get oot o' this an' gether oor paircels."

But Andrew had already the parcels in hand, and when the steamer slid alongside the pier, there was Joseph Redhorn asking if he could be of any assistance. As they were entering the gangway the captain himself shook hands with them, raising his cap, and the purser did the same.

"Everybody's that kind," said Mr. Fairley to Mr. Redhorn on the pier.

"Terrible kind," sighed Mrs. Fairley.

* * * * *

At the door of the cottage:

"I preshume ye've had a day o' shu-preme delight," remarked Mr. Redhorn, who had insisted on carrying all the parcels; "for if ye've no' had that, ye've no' had a fourteenth o' what ye deserve. I took the leeberty o' usin' the key ye left wi' me for to open the door an' kennle the fire an' pit the kettle on. An' if ye discover a pair o' pies in the oven—which I hope ye'll discover afore they become anteequities, like the ruins o' Pompey the Great—ye can regaird them as miracles—"

"Joseph, ye shouldna ha'e done that," cried Mr. Fairley.

"I didna really. I can assure ye that pies was the last thing I was thinkin' about, for near a' day I was a martyr to dyspepsia efter yer pairty o' last nicht—mind ye, I wud be a martyr again on the same terms ony day!—so that it's a miracle that I purchased the pies aforesaid. An' noo I'll bid ye baith guid-nicht; an' though I'm a mere bachelor, an' ha'e been in that condection for near hauf a century, I jist hope—I'm sayin' I jist hope I'll be as happy in the next world as you are in this. Guid-nicht to ye, an' mony mair years." So saying, Mr. Redhorn deposited the parcels on the cottage doorstep and fled away into the night.

* * * * *

The lamp in the kitchen was burning brightly, the kettle boiling, the table laid to the best of Mr. Redhorn's ability.

"It bates me," said Mr. Fairley to his wife; "it fair bates me to understan' the kindness o' folk. What ha'e we done, Jessie?"

She shook her head. "I suppose it's because we've been mairrit fifty year, Georgie. But sit ye doon, man; ye're wearit. I'll mak' the tea."

She looked about her, at the table, at the fire, at the dresser whereon were laid the parcels brought from the city. At last her eyes fell on the small parcel she still carried in her left hand. She gave it to her man.

"Ay," he said, "get it noo."

She hesitated, then left the kitchen, crossed the narrow passage and entered the other room of the house.

Ere long she returned, a photograph, faded, very old-fashioned in size and appearance, in her right hand.

Georgie received it from her without remark, and fitted it into the frame.

"It's jist the vera thing," he said gravely.

"That's fine."

He rose from the armchair and set the frame on the high mantelsheff.

"It's a gran' likeness," he said. "If John was here, he wud be prood o' us efter last nicht an' the day—eh, Jessie?"

"Ah, Georgie, I believe he wud be prood o' us, an' oh! hoo prood we wud be o' him! I wisht he was here!"

The old man put his arm round the old woman's shoulders.

"Folk that ha'e golden waddin's," he said very softly, "maun look furrit, no' backwards; an' they maun ha'e patience. But the Lord kens that you've had patience, Jessie."

"An' you, Georgie man."

After a little while they raised their eyes again to the photograph—that of a handsome lad, their only son, John, drowned at sea, more than thirty years ago.

And so they looked forward.



The Christian and Society

By THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

"Those that use the world as not abusing it."

"THE world" is an expression which is used in the New Testament Scriptures in several meanings, and therefore needs to be interpreted with the utmost care and discrimination.

Sometimes it denotes the whole material universe as created by God, "the Maker of heaven and earth." Sometimes it is this world in which God has placed man for a time, the temporary scene of human existence, man's abode, in which he sojourns for a limited period. Sometimes it conveys the idea, not a material creation of God's fashioning, but of a spirit of worldliness in God's reasoning creatures which is antagonistic to the will of God. Sometimes it is the aggregate of those possessed by this spirit who, having been made by God, rebel against His authority and refuse to heed His commands. Sometimes it is the equivalent of what is known to us by the name of Society, *i.e.* the environment of persons and things, in the midst of which each one lives his life here, and which, while not evil in themselves, must be used as St. Paul writes in his letter to the Christians at Corinth, with caution, "not overusing it," or "using it to the full," as his words really mean.

It is with this last aspect of the word we are specially concerned.

To the majority of persons Society is a very complex thing. In it, as in all else that has to do with persons and things, there is an intricate and puzzling intermingling of good and evil which necessitate the utmost caution and discrimination in the using.

It is of this social life, with all its complications, Jesus is speaking in His great intercessory prayer on the night before He died: "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them from the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

When we study the life of Christ as it is put before us in the fourfold portraiture of the Gospel, we obtain a fuller

conception of what Society really means than any mere words and theories can give us, and are better able to understand the relation in which the Christian man ought to stand towards it. For the life of Christ was pre-eminently a social life. This is the characteristic which stands out most clearly and definitely if we compare His life with that of His forerunner, John the Baptist. Jesus Himself draws the attention of His disciples to the striking contrast their lives presented to those before whose eyes they were lived. "John came neither eating nor drinking and they say he hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking and they say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." The Baptist lived the life of an ascetic, apart from his fellows, not dwelling in the haunts of men, but a recluse in the wilderness. But the Son of Man who came to save mankind mingled with men. He lived the ordinary life of ordinary men and women, going in and out among them as one of themselves.

Jesus and Society

A modern writer admirably sums up the life that Jesus lived in relation to Society. "So wide were His sympathies that Pharisaic pride complained. To this universal adaptiveness He appealed as an evidence of the prophecy fulfilling of His coming. Was He exclusive? Did ever man or woman come near Him and He turn away? Did He not go among all ranks and into every society? Did He not go into the houses of great men and rulers, of Pharisees, of poor men, of publicans? Did He not frequent the temple, the market-place, the synagogue, the sea-shore, the haunts of outcasts and harlots? Was He not found at feasts and at burials? Wherever men and women were to be found, there was His place and there is ours."

Yes, each Christian has his appointed place to fill in Society. He cannot live the life of a recluse without hurt to

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himself. The social life rightly lived has a wholesome influence on the Christian himself. There is nothing which does more to develop character than intercourse with others. It brings out traits which would otherwise remain undiscovered and unused. It prevents the growth of selfishness and isolation which are so great a hindrance to the development of the spiritual life. It draws out the healthy sympathies which are like the sprouts of a tree breaking forth under the influences of the warm sun or refreshing rain, or like the roots of the plant, which must have room to grow or they will become sickly and stunted. So William Cowper sings :—

"Man in Society is like a flower
Grown in its native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use."

Saved by Saving

A traveller was crossing a mountain path alone. The snow was falling fast and thick, and an overpowering sense of sleep stole over him. Desperately he fought against it, for he knew that sleep was certain death. And as he struggled on, dragging his tottering steps with increasing difficulty, his foot struck against an obstruction which lay across his path, and looking down to see what it was he found it was a man half buried in the snow. In a moment he forgot his drowsiness and was wide awake. He took the unconscious man in his arms and chafed his frozen body, and in so doing the effort to help another brought life and energy to himself.

It is a true story, but it is a parable too, teaching a deep truth. Have we never seen the same change worked as by a miracle when one we have known well has been taken by the force of circumstances out of a life of isolation and has experienced the vivifying power of association with others? Again and again the story of some heroic life tells us how such a change in social surroundings has proved to be the crisis which has transformed self-concentration and self-interest into brave and self-sacrificing endeavour for the good of others.

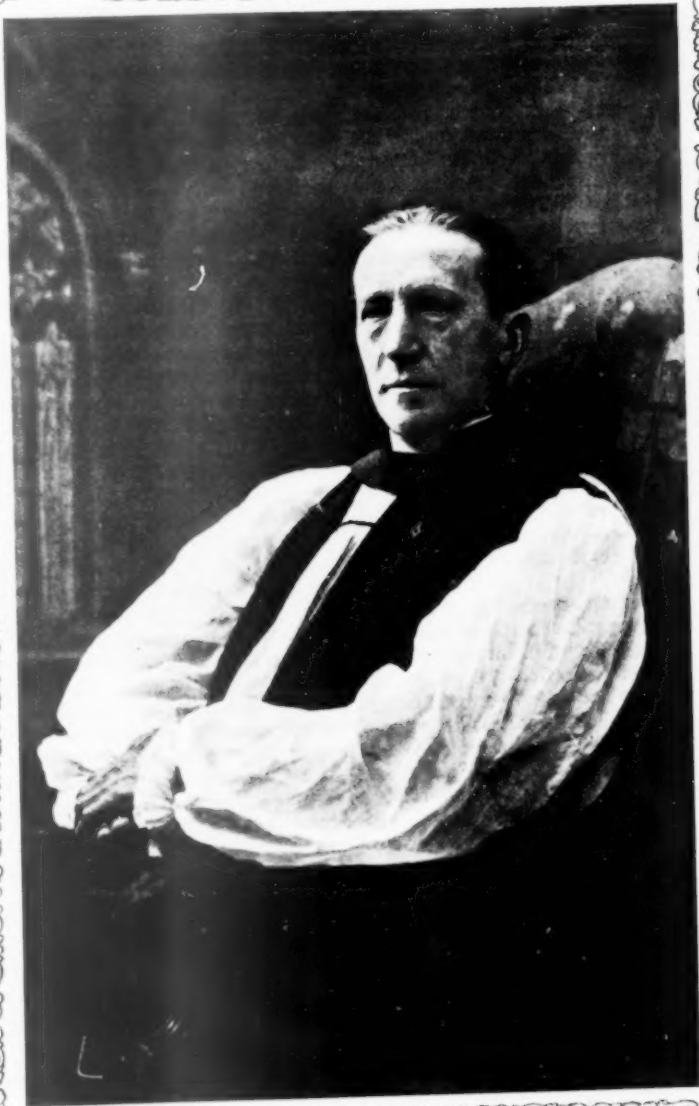
But the influence of a consistent life in

Society is shown, not only in the revelation or formation of character, but also in its effects upon others who have been brought into contact with it. God's law of interdependence holds good here as elsewhere. "No man liveth unto himself." Endowed with social instincts, and placed amid social surroundings, the call to the due performance of social duties for the sake of others comes, in some form or another, to every one, without exception, and never dies away entirely as long as life lasts, although, unheeded, it grows fainter as time goes on. And he who in this particular resists or neglects to fulfil God's intention not only suffers loss himself by becoming narrow and self-engrossed, but also inflicts injury upon those with whom he is brought in contact.

And this holds good in a special degree of the Christian. His social responsibilities are increased sevenfold by the fact of his high vocation. Born into the family of God, he is bound to his fellows by the sacred ties of spiritual relationship. They are in a very real sense his brothers and sisters, his brethren in Christ. Their interests must be his: their happiness and highest welfare his to promote and further to the best of his power. He is to help, and in turn to be helped by them. And only by friendly co-operation can this mutual benefit be brought about. "I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the vocation wherewith ye were called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love: giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace . . . unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the Body of Christ."

Nor can the Christian stop there. All with whom he is brought into touch by the ordering of God's providence, whether in work or in recreation or in social gatherings and intercourse, are God's children. He cannot refuse to associate with them because they are not like-minded with himself, or do not come up to the religious standard of faith and practice he conscientiously believes to be right.

It is true, there are evils at work in Society. There are dangers and temptations which are inseparable from the duty



(Photo: C. Fairlight)

THE RIGHT REV. C. J. RIDGEWAY, D.D., BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

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we owe to our fellow-creatures, just as they find their way into every duty God has given to us to do in that state of life to which we are called.

It was so in the days when Jesus dwelt here among men. There was the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, the rationalism of the Sadducees, the covetousness of the publicans, the degradation of the fallen. Yet He was not content merely to denounce their faults and to stand aloof from and avoid those who were the victims of these evils; but, while He boldly rebuked what was contaminating, and openly condemned what was wrong, He blessed what was wholesome and praised what was right. He was like the sunbeam that finds its way into the darkened room and makes even the dust motes sparkle in the light. He was the leaven that mingles in the meal so that it becomes sweet and beneficial.

Five Golden Rules

How, then, shall the Christian in his relation to Society follow in his Master's steps, though at a distance and with stumbling feet?

I. The Christian needs to remember that he can never raise the tone of Society by standing aloof and refusing to have anything to do with it. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." The Pharisaism that says to others, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou," is not an extinct volcano. It is still active and working, though, as a rule, it may be out of sight. The true follower of Christ must be humble, consistent, quiet, shedding around him the sanctifying influence of a good example in life and conduct. The holiest of men, who has no social influence because he stands aloof from his fellow-men, is "a grain unsown." R. H. Benson writes, "that the spiritual workmen should be in touch with those for whom they work. It was true they were not to be of the world, *i.e.* undominated by its principles and out of love with its spirit. But in another sense they must live in its heart. To use another analogy, they were as windmills lifted up from the

earth into the high airs of grace, but their base must be on the ground or their labour would be ill-spent."

II. The Christian must not shirk his duty and persuade himself that to go into Society is to run into temptation's way. God has made him a social being and placed him where he is with social duties to perform. To neglect them is to run away from duty's battle in cowardice and to distrust God's grace. It is not reasonable for him to hope that he will raise the tone of Society by standing on a height above it and denouncing from a distance its faults and mistakes.

III. The Christian must hold sacred all that is according to God's will in Society. It is full of great possibilities, it is potential for good, and the duty of every Christian is to seek to develop these and bring them to good effect. It is for him to do his utmost to make and keep Society sweet and pure.

IV. The Christian, while he mingles in Society, must not be satisfied to go with the stream. There must be no yielding to what is not Christlike, no compliance with the unrighteous encroachments of Society into God's domain. Society is becoming year by year more and more difficult. Advancing civilisation and luxury are destroying simplicity of life. The conventionalities of Society are increasing in number and growing more silly and hollow and frivolous, even if not positively wrong. It behoves each Christian to steer his way with the utmost care lest he should be driven out of the straight course and find himself on the rocks which beset him on every side.

V. The Christian must take to heart and carry out into practice the golden rule which St. Paul commends to the little church at Philippi in days when the relation of the followers of Christ to Society must have been very thorny and full of difficulty:—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."



Miss Chantry's Charity

The Story of an "Eccentric"

By DOROTHY HILTON

"SHE'S a skinflint, a regular old skinflint!" emphatically declared the senior churchwarden as he watched me doff my surplice in the vestry. I thought rather ruefully of the sermon on charity which I had just delivered, but as I was not Mr. Binney's rector, I did not think it necessary to rebuke him for the outburst. Moreover, I was not personally acquainted with Miss Chantry, the lady in question.

"It's the first collection we've had for the Restoration Fund, and she gave a miserable threepenny bit," he went on indignantly. "Yes, and she held it up so that I should see it before she dropped it in the bag. I believe it gives her the most intense satisfaction to thwart and annoy me over that particular fund, but I mean to draw her yet; and that reminds me, Mr. Heriot, that I should be very glad if you would go with me when I call upon her. I have a promise of a contribution of one hundred pounds if I can raise another hundred before March, and I must have something handsome from her."

"I'm afraid I'm no good at begging," I said.

"Oh, I'll do that," he replied cheerily. "I only want you to come with me. She'd not dare to treat me as she generally does if you were with me."

"Of course, if I can be of any help," I said, and then I stopped. My friend the rector, for whom I was acting as locum tenens, had told me something of this enthusiastic churchwarden of his, and I

had already seen enough of him and his methods of collection to make me reluctant to complete the sentence.

Mr. Binney, who was the local dentist, was one of the most kind-hearted and generous of men, but Nature, in conferring many gifts upon him, had withheld the priceless one of tact. He was a bit of an antiquarian in his way, and for the last twelve months he had been labouring in season and out of season to raise money for the restoration of the church tower. The project had, indeed, become somewhat of a monomania with him. I had already heard more than enough on the subject, especially as I was not quite clear in my own mind that the proposed scheme of "restoration" was altogether to be desired in the interests of my friend's picturesque old church,

consequently I had some secret sympathy with the lady who had flaunted her despised threepenny bit in the too persistent collector's face. However, as I feared that Mr. Binney already suspected me of a lack of enthusiasm for his cherished project, and as he persisted in desiring my company, I found myself unable to escape him and was committed to a definite promise before I left the vestry.

As we crossed the fields to Miss Chantry's house a few days later, my companion reiterated his opinions regarding the old lady we were about to visit.

"She's a regular miser; there is no



My companion reiterated his opinions

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doubt of it," he repeated. "She's as rich as rich can be, and what aggravates me most about her is the way she manages to wriggle out of giving a decent subscription to any of the parochial funds. She pretends that she's got some special charity of her own that takes up all the money she can spare; but I'm convinced that that is just an excuse. I've made it my business to inquire, in a quiet way, of course; you see my profession brings me in touch with pretty well everyone in the parish, and she does nothing, practically nothing! She trots round with jellies and things if anyone is ill, and I believe she gives away a few flannel petticoats at Christmas, but what is that for a woman with her means?"

"Then you are quite sure that she is really wealthy?" I asked, for by this time my companion had pointed out the cottage which was our objective, and it certainly looked far from imposing.

"Wealthy!" repeated Mr. Binney witheringly, "she's just rolling in money! I know for a fact that she has mortgages on two farms in this parish, and I've heard that half the new houses belong to her. And, then, she spends practically nothing. She has neither kith nor kin to provide for; she's saving for saving's sake. I often feel inclined to remind her that when her time comes she won't be able to take her money with her, and she's eighty now if she's a day! I wish I could make her realise how much pleasure she might get by seeing the good that her money could do in her lifetime. But I've really lost all patience with her and her stingy ways!"

He flung open the garden gate as he spoke, and gave an irritable knock on the green-painted front door. An elderly woman admitted us, and ushered us into the presence of Miss Chantry, who appeared to have been

"I shall be happy
to contribute my mite"



"nodding" in her chair by the fire. She became all alertness, however, when we were announced, and her reception of us was decidedly cordial. Mr. Binney plunged at once into the purpose of his mission, and as I listened with tingling cheeks to his demand, for it was not a request, for a subscription to the Restoration Fund, I thought that his mode of attack might have served as an object-lesson to any prospective parish worker as to how the thing should *not* be done. Miss Chantry listened meekly, but I thought I could detect a rebellious

twinkle in the keen old eyes.

"Mr. Binney is such an excellent pleader," she said, turning to me when at length the churchwarden's eloquence had exhausted itself. "Who could resist him? And he pleads for such an excellent cause, too. As he says, it is a 'duty' and a 'privilege' to subscribe to such a fund."

She rose as she spoke and unlocked a bureau. Behind her back Mr. Binney went through a pantomime of delighted gestures, by which I gathered he meant me to understand that it was my presence that had so speedily softened the old lady's heart.

"Yes, it is a duty and a privilege to contribute," repeated Miss Chantry as she returned to her seat, purse in hand, "and I'm sure"—she turned to me—"we ought to be extremely grateful to Mr. Binney for the enthusiasm he is throwing into the cause. It will be so delightful when we have the tower restored to its ancient glory. It is really dreadful to think that our hymns of praise have at present to ascend to heaven through windows of a debased Perpendicular—is it not?—set in a Norman tower! We have Mr. Binney to thank for pointing out to us the enormities we have so long submitted to in ignorance."

She spoke with such an air of exaggerated

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sanctimoniousness that I had some difficulty in keeping a grave face.

"It is clearly our duty to make the House of God as beautiful, and—er—harmonious as possible," said Mr. Binney, and I saw by the flush on his cheek that the irony of the old lady had not been lost on him.

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Binney," she said, "and it will give me great pleasure to contribute." As she spoke she took a ten-shilling piece from the purse in her hand. "Yes," she repeated, poisoning the coin on the tip of a claw-like finger, and looking from it to poor Binney with her head on one side and an air that reminded me of nothing so much as an impudent sparrow, "I shall be happy to contribute my mite," and emphasising the last word, she transferred the coin from her hand to his with the air of one making a great donation.

"You are exceedingly generous, Miss Chantry," he said with what he no doubt considered fine sarcasm, though he only succeeded in betraying his chagrin.

"Don't mention it, my dear Mr. Binney," said the old lady suavely. "It is so much better to do good with one's money in one's lifetime, especially when one has neither kith nor kin to save for. And we can't take it with us, can we?"

She laughed as she spoke, and I shared the discomfort so plainly visible on Binney's countenance. Was the old lady *fey* that she had repeated so exactly the words he had uttered on our way across the fields? Perhaps Binney thought so, for he rose at once, and took an abrupt farewell. The little lady escorted us as far as the garden gate, still volubly expressing her sense of the "obligation" we had conferred upon her by soliciting her contribution, but she took small pains to conceal the irony of her words, and the malicious twinkle in her eyes told me that she thoroughly realised and enjoyed the churchwarden's discomfiture.

We walked some distance in silence. I thought it unwise to speak first, as I knew my companion was at boiling point. But at length he burst out:—

"It's simply scandalous! Ten shillings! She might as well have offered me twopence. Ten shillings to her is no more than twopence would be to me. And to be made fun of, too! There's one comfort though, she hadn't the audacity to talk, as she generally

does, of her own special charity. She wouldn't dare to mention it before you, sir."

"But are you quite sure this charity of hers is a myth?" I ventured to ask.

"Positive," he said emphatically. "Why, it's a standing joke in the parish. If anyone wants to hint that an excuse is a poor one they say, 'Oh, it's just another case of Miss Chantry's Charity.' But even if she had ten pet charities she has no business to set herself as she always does against the Restoration Fund."

"Perhaps she is not interested in—er—architectural—er—improvements," I suggested. "From what you say I gather that she does show some interest in the poor of the parish. May she not give away a good deal on the quiet without anyone being the wiser?"

"The fact is, Mr. Heriot, there are no poor in Merinton, at least none to call really poor. No one is in a position to know that better than I do in my professional capacity. When I bought the practice here I knew I was coming amongst so-called poor people, and I was prepared to accept a small income for the sake of being in the country. But, to my surprise, I found not only plenty of work awaiting me, but that my best patients



Mr. Binney ...
was my informant

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were amongst these so-called poor. Oh, I know them, Mr. Heriot. You'd be surprised to see some of my patients—working men's wives who you would think hadn't a penny to spare from the needs of their families. And it's not a little that contents them either. If it's false teeth they want, it's the best they must have, no less, money apparently no object. And they pay, too—I will say that for them! It is very seldom there's any difficulty when I send in my bill, and if there is it is generally with people in the station just above them, small shopkeepers and the like. Oh, no one knows better than I do that there's no real poverty in Merinton."

"I dare say you are right," I said. "Only we know so little of each other, and we are often so hasty in our judgments."

"Quite right, sir. I'm all for charity myself, but I know the people, and"—still more emphatically—"I know Miss Chantry!"

We had reached the churchwarden's gate by this time, and he gave me a pressing invitation to go in with him, which, however, I declined.

"Thanks for your company, sir," he said. "Your presence was certainly a check upon her, though why she should take such pleasure in flouting me I don't know. I dislike hasty judgments quite as much as you do, but as for Miss Chantry!"—he broke off. Evidently the old lady was beyond the pale of the churchwarden's charity, and as he turned away he was still muttering to himself—

"Ten shillings! The old skinflint!"

In the course of the next month, during which time I did duty in Merinton, I saw a good deal of Mr. Binney, and heard more than enough of his pet project, but I never again met with Miss Chantry. Nor did the rector ever mention her in the long letters full of parish news which I received from him afterwards. But a year later I was summoned to the little town again. My friend had been called away, and he wired to me to come at once, if possible, adding, "funeral to-morrow." It was only as I donned my surplice in the vestry the next day that I learned that the burial at which I was to officiate was that of my old acquaintance, Miss Chantry. Mr. Binney, who, as usual, was well to the fore in his position of churchwarden, was my informant.

"Yes, she's gone; had to leave it all

behind at last," he said. "Not, of course, that I wish to reflect upon the dead," he added hastily, as if just remembering that his old strictures were no longer permissible. I asked a few questions about the deceased lady.

"Oh, she was just the same to the last, as mean—er—eccentric as ever, I should say. I never got a penny more than that ten shillings from her for the Restoration Fund. And, indeed, there seems to be no enthusiasm at all in the parish about the matter. Money in plenty is always forthcoming for the cricket club, and the village lighting, and the reading room, but when it comes to the Restoration Fund it is a different thing altogether. I'm not so young as I was, Mr. Heriot; I sometimes think I shall never have the pleasure of seeing the work begun," and the churchwarden sighed.

"It's in sight, sir. Shall I tell?" said the sexton, putting his head round the door at that moment.

"You had better," I said, and as the heavy note of the bell boomed out—as Miss Chantry would have said—through the debased Perpendicular windows of the Norman tower, we went to the side door of the church. We could see the long funeral procession winding up the road below.

"H'm," said Mr. Binney. "I didn't think there'd have been so many to follow her. But a funeral is always popular with some folk, and, ah, yes, I had forgotten; there are to be refreshments afterwards at the Temperance Hotel yonder. Mrs. Jones, the landlady, was telling me about it this morning. The solicitor gave the order, and it's to be a tea at fourpence a head. She"—I gathered that the pronoun referred to Miss Chantry, not to the hotel-keeper—"left full instructions. It was so like her, that—tea at fourpence a head! The old—ahem!" The churchwarden was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

When the funeral was over Mr. Binney came to me in great excitement.

"I'm to be present at the reading of the will," he said. "The solicitor has just told me so; he said *she* made a great point of it. Now, what can that mean, do you think? Surely she can't have remembered the Restoration Fund after all. But no, she never would have given me so much satisfaction. I dare say she's left every penny away from the parish altogether, and it



"Aye, Mr. Binney, she's gone at last!"—p. 37.

pleased her to think how much it would vex me to hear it."

I had also been invited to be present at the reading of the will, which was to take place in the same hotel at which the refreshments so scornfully referred to by Mr. Binney were to be served. When we entered the room set apart for that purpose a waitress was handing round cake and coffee amongst a little group of persons already assembled. As soon as she had withdrawn, the solicitor began upon the business in hand.

"I think, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "that perhaps I had better inform you that the document I am about to read to you is somewhat eccentric in its wording. It is, however, perfectly legal, and quite in keeping with the character of my late respected client." With these preliminary remarks he began to read.

I shall not attempt any exact quotation of what we then heard, neither my legal knowledge nor my memory being equal to

such a task. But the gist of it was as follows:

After declaring herself in the most approved legal phraseology to be of sound mind, the testatrix, Euphemia Ann Chantry, bequeathed all her real and personal estate, with the exception of certain legacies, to Henry Curzon, solicitor, and to her "good friend" Ezekiel Binney *in trust* for the charity which she had been secretly conducting, and which was now to be carried on publicly under the name of Miss Chantry's Charity.

Here the solicitor paused for a moment, and I glanced across at Binney. The expression on his face was a curious one, but whether he was more astonished at finding that after all Miss Chantry's charity had not been a myth, or more disgusted at the effrontery of the testatrix's proposal that he of all men should carry on a scheme with which it was quite unlikely that he would have any sympathy, I could not decide.

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But the solicitor had begun to read again, and as we heard at last what this mysterious charity of Miss Chantry's really was, I am afraid I committed a breach of decorum by a smile that would not be suppressed. For it appeared that it had been the deceased lady's pet philanthropy to supply the poor with false teeth. Indeed, she seemed to have made it her business to look after the dental condition of the parish in general—that is, of the women and children, for by the terms of the will no masculine above the age of sixteen was to benefit from the charity. Women of any age were eligible for its benefits, and there was even a provision by which the mother of a young family could claim a small sum with which to pay someone to look after her children while she was having her molars attended to.

When he had read the last clause Mr. Curzon paused for a moment—it was a lengthy document to wade through. Binney seized the opportunity to draw his chair nearer mine.

"Isn't it astonishing?" he whispered. "And to think I never suspected! I understand now why I had so many patients!"

"We now come to the legacies mentioned in the first part of the will," resumed the solicitor, and he proceeded to read out the particulars of several small bequests. Then he paused again as if to mark the importance of the next paragraph.

"And I give and bequeath to my good friend the before named Ezekiel Binney a piece of advice which I trust he will take in good part, the said piece of advice being a recommendation to him not to conclude too hastily that because his pet charity may fail to appeal to any particular person, that the said particular person is uninterested in any

philanthropic work at all. And I give and bequeath to the said Ezekiel Binney, on condition of his undertaking the administration of the charity mentioned heretofore, an annuity of three hundred pounds, the said moneys to accrue to the Charity funds at his demise. I also give to the said Ezekiel Binney, without condition whatsoever, the sum of two thousand pounds, the said legacy being a recognition of the fact that to my certain knowledge he generously reduced his just charges to many of his poorest patients, not knowing that the said charges were to

be paid by me. And I give and bequeath also to the said Ezekiel Binney the sum of two thousand pounds to be held by him in trust for the Restoration Fund of Merinton Church, the said sum being a mark of appreciation of his enthusiasm as a collector, and also a slight return for the amusement which his zeal in the said cause has from time to time afforded me."

There was nothing more of moment in the document, and as he concluded the solicitor rose and held out his hand to the bewildered churchwarden.

"I must congratulate you, Mr. Binney," he said. "There may

be in the will I have just read some—er—expressions not altogether usual in such documents—I assure you they were very reluctantly inserted by me—but I think I may say that the terms of the will show most conclusively the high esteem in which you were held by my late client." And then, dropping into the colloquial, he added, "Ah, poor Miss Chantry, she loved her little joke!"

"But suppose I don't see my way to acting?" said Binney, who still looked like a man in a dream.

"There are provisions in the will in view

"I must congratulate you
Mr Binney"



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of such a contingency, but I beg you, my dear sir, to decide nothing on the spur of the moment. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I must ask you to excuse me," and with a bow the solicitor withdrew.

I piloted Binney to the door also; there was nothing further to detain us, but the poor churchwarden was too dazed to think of moving. As we reached the foot of the stairs he seemed to awaken.

"They're in there having tea," he said, indicating an open door from which the clinking of cups and saucers and the subdued babble of many tongues proceeded. "Suppose we look in for a moment."

I had no particular curiosity to behold the "mourners" disposing of their fourpenny tea, but I followed my companion's lead. We found ourselves in a large room crowded with people. Down the centre of the room ran a long table with benches on either side, and these were filled with women and children, and a few men, all apparently doing ample justice to the buns and spiced cake before them. Other men, women, and children were grouped around the doorway as if awaiting their turn at the table. Most of them were strangers to me, but Binney seemed to know them all.

"Aye, Mr. Binney, she's gone at last," said a young woman with a child in her arms, in answer to some remark of his. "And she'll be sore missed, too. They do say as she was a bit touched in the upper story, but, as I says to my James, if that's being touched it's a pity as a few more rich folk ain't got a tile or two off."

"That's so," said an older woman standing near. "It's mebbes reckoned eccentric like to keep folks in the dark as to the good a body does, and certain there isn't many as is troubled that way, but there's plenty as 'll bless her as is gone, eccentric or not eccentric. Why, my little Minnie there 'as been a different child since Miss Chantry sent us off to you, sir, to have them crooked fangs drawed out."

"Aye," said the younger woman, "she didn't put us off with no second-rate stuff neither. It had to be the best allus, as you know, sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Binney, "and you got the best. But how is it that I never knew anything of all this before? Surely it would have only been grateful to make her kindness known?"

"That was one of her queer-like ways," said the elder woman. "There was just two conditions she made, and we've kep' 'em faithful. The first was never to tell nobody about it in her lifetime, and t'other was that we were to follow her to her grave when the Lord should think fit to take her."

As she spoke there was a sudden uprising from the benches, and the women moved away to secure places at the table. Mr. Binney and I made our way out, but the churchwarden was too lost in thought to be conversational. When I parted from him he was still muttering to himself: "Astonishing! And to think I never knew!"

I saw no more of Mr. Binney during the fortnight I spent at Merinton, and rumour had it that he had been so "struck of a heap" by the contents of Miss Chantry's will that he had taken to his bed. However, I learned from a more reliable source that the good churchwarden had finally decided to accept the responsibility imposed upon him by the deceased lady.

When I visited Merinton a year later Binney was no longer practising dentistry. He had given up in favour of a clever young practitioner who was kept fully employed under the provisions of the Chantry Charity, while Binney himself made it his business to see that the poor got full advantage from their bequest.

The debased Perpendicular windows were still in the church tower, the good dentist having finally agreed to allow the money left by Miss Chantry to be spent in strengthening the fabric rather than in making the structural alterations with which neither the rector nor the parish had ever been very cordially in sympathy.

"Indeed," said my friend to me, "Binney never showed the same interest in the scheme after the reading of Miss Chantry's will. In fact, he is a changed man altogether. He is still very generous in subscribing to all parish funds, but there is one thing no one can get him to do, and that is to collect subscriptions for any object whatever, and perhaps it is just as well," concluded the rector with a twinkle in his eye.

And later, when I called on Binney, it was quite evident that he was wrapped up heart and soul in the administration of Miss Chantry's Charity.

London's Towers and Spires

By T. W. WILKINSON

(With Drawings by HEDLEY FITTON and W. ELLISON, and Photos by the Author)

LONDON is pre-eminent in many things, and in none more so than the number and diversity of its church towers and spires. From Greenwich to Chelsea they ascend heavenward in unsurpassed profusion, above all rising the vast, majestic dome of St. Paul's, crowned with the emblem of Christianity, ever triumphant, ever radiantly glorious, whether refulgent in sunshine or enwreathed in the smoke of myriad fires beneath.

Great is the variety of these structures; great the difference in their value as works of art and parts of our island's story. First in importance from any viewpoint are Wren's towers and spires, which are a class of themselves. Deprived of the opportunity for the display of any architectural façade—for sites were, or evidently soon would be, hemmed in by buildings which would hide such a feature—Sir Christopher generally devoted special pains to his steeples, designing them, not only beautiful and elegant as isolated structures, but in complete harmony with one another. Occasionally, indeed, he subordinated, as in the case of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, everything to the steeple, which he made the most important part of the building. And time has given to some of the great architect's works associations which render them of unique interest.

One of the finest fruits of Wren's genius is the great steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow—a work which illustrates very clearly that adaptation to means which is so characteristic of his achievements. The

old church stood back 40 ft. from Cheapside. Wren, when re-building, determined to bring the new structure forward to the street, and, as it would then have a steeple which could be seen, to make it the most important part of the building; and the result has long been the special glory of Cheapside.

Structurally, the steeple is remarkable for its admirable proportions, decreasing harmoniously as it does from base to spire; for its foundation—an ancient Roman causeway, 18 ft. below the level of the street; and for a balcony above the fine Doric entrance. This is a memorial of a stone building which stood near the site of the present tower, and dated back to the days when Cheapside was renowned for joustings and other mediæval shows. Queen Philippa, while standing, with the ladies of her court, on a temporary wooden structure to witness a tournament, fell on a number of knights below, owing to the flooring giving way beneath her. The King (Edward III.) wished to punish

those who had raised so flimsy a structure; but, on the Queen interceding for them, he contented himself by ordering the erection of a permanent saldam "to be strongly builded of stone for himself, the Queen, and other estates." It is this structure which the balcony facing Cheapside commemorates.

In folk-lore the steeple of Bow Church crops out again and again. It is popularly supposed to be the home of the bells which called Whittington back to London and fortune, though, in fact, the peal of his



ST. PAUL'S—WREN'S MASTERPIECE.

LONDON'S TOWERS AND SPIRES

time all perished in the Great Fire. And who needs to be reminded that true Cockneys are said to be those born within the sound of Bow bells?

The steeple of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, is another of Wren's happiest achievements. Unfortunately, it cannot be seen to the best advantage, because it is surrounded by buildings, though in one direction—the north—the conditions are better than they were for many years. Till the nineteenth century was well advanced the view from Fleet Street was obstructed by houses; but in November, 1824, fire effected a clearance in front of the church, and so pleasing a vista was thus created that it was resolved to retain the opening, with the result that in the following year St. Bride's Avenue was formed—an improvement to which the parishioners subscribed liberally.

Loftiest of all the steeples designed by Wren—of all the church steeples, that is; St. Paul's is, of course, in another flight—St. Bride's has suffered greatly by lightning. In 1764 it was so seriously damaged that 85 ft. of the spire had to be taken down, and the elevation was then reduced by 8 ft., bringing the total height to 226 ft., or only 4 ft. higher than its nearest rival, the steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow. Lightning again struck it in 1803, and in 1887 it narrowly escaped destruction during a memorable storm, the fluid passing down the conductor and expending its force under the paving at the base of the tower.

A remarkable spire of a different character is that of St. Dunstan-in-the-East. Though one of Wren's most striking designs, it is wholly unlike any other, the employment of four arched ribs to bear the spire rendering it unique among his works; and this circumstance may have given rise to the legend that the idea of building such a steeple was suggested to Sir Christopher by his only daughter, Jane, who died soon after its completion. More probably, however, Wren drew his plans from one or all of three similar steeples, those of St. Giles, Edinburgh, King's College, Aberdeen, and St. Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Strongly and scientifically constructed though the steeple is, its appearance is so elegant that in bygone years many



ST. MARY-LE-BOW, CHEAPSIDE.

doubts were entertained as to its stability, particularly by those whose homes were close to the church and on the ground now covered with offices and warehouses. Wren himself—Wren, of all men!—is said to have been intensely anxious when the superstructure was completed, and to have taken up a position on London Bridge to await the removal of the supporters. He is pictured as hurrying thither with a glass, watching the steeple through it, and, finally, giving a sigh of relief as a rocket soared aloft to proclaim that it stood and that the fears of those who lived near St. Dunstan's were groundless!

If Wren was apprehensive as to the soundness of the steeple at the time it was completed—and that, of course, is in the highest degree improbable—he certainly was not a few years later. One day a friend called on him, and, in speaking of a terrible hurricane which had swept over England, told him that it had damaged all the steeples in London.

"Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure," he replied with a confident smile.

And he was right. Many steeples in the City were damaged; but by far the most fragile-looking of the whole number had passed safely through the storm.

Nearer London Bridge is a beautiful

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specimen of Wren's work. It is the steeple of St. Magnus, the loftiest of the lead dome type in the City, and peculiarly interesting as an illustration of Sir Christopher's prescience. The ground floor of the tower, as originally built, was open only on the west side; but in 1760, during some repairs, a passage was made through it from north to south as part of a footway to old London Bridge, which was about 200 ft. to the east of the present bridge, and in a line with the tower. And here it was that a proof came to light of Wren's remarkable faculty for anticipating the requirements of future ages. For it was found that such an alteration had been provided for by leaving a joint in the masonry, and that, therefore, a passage through the tower could be made with little trouble. The tower is still open on three sides; but, as the footway is no longer required, a portion of the road to old London Bridge has been enclosed and is used as a churchyard.

Projecting from the tower is a "drum" clock with a curious history. In 1709 it was given to the church by Sir Charles Duncomb, who was Lord Mayor in that year, and who, it is said, thereby fulfilled a vow. When a poor boy, he had to wait on London Bridge for his master, and in the end missed him through not knowing the hour; whereupon he vowed that if he ever became successful, he would give a clock to St. Magnus' Church, that all passers-by might see the time. Fortune did smile upon him, and ultimately he kept the resolution he had made in the days of his youth.

Of another class of Wren's steeples, that of St. James, Garlick Hill, is a fine representative. Here, again, the architect introduced the projecting "drum" clock, which in this case bears, besides the date of construction (1682), a figure of St. James, with pilgrim's staff, shell, wallet, and hat.

Several of the other unrivalled series of steeples designed by Wren are now merely relics, the fabrics to which they were attached having been razed to the ground. Gone is All Hallows Staining, save for its tower; and among other churches commemorated in the same way is St. Mary Somerset, Upper Thames

Street. The building was pulled down in 1871 and its parish united with that of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. A similar fate is doubtless in store for other churches built by Wren, and happily still intact, and probably even their steeples will not be spared.

"Room! More room!" is ever the cry in the City; and so every building which has outlasted its utility is swept away, however great its architectural value, and however interesting its historical associations.

Wren's works dwarf those of later date; but some admirable contributions to London's noble cluster of towers and spires have been made by more modern architects. The fine steeple of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (how many Londoners even know that it is surmounted by a crown to indicate the parish of the monarch?); the imposing frontage of St. Mary-le-Strand; the tower of St. Dunstan, Fleet Street; the lofty spire of All Saints, Margaret Street—these and other structures are all fine achievements.

St. Dunstan's steeple, with its graceful lantern supporting the tower—that picturesque feature of the top of Fleet Street—is considered one of the most successful of modern works of its kind, and is linked with Dickens, since its chimes were, it is believed, in his mind when he wrote the second of the Christmas Books. Contrary to his usual practice, the great novelist did not localise those delightful products of his genius in such a way as to make places clearly identifiable. Dickensians, however, used to visit Craven Street, Charing Cross, to see on the door of No. 8 the knocker which looked to Marley like a human face—it is gone now, some relic-hunter or common thief having stolen it—and still include St. Dunstan's in their literary pilgrimage, on the ground that it was probably the church near which Toby Veck waited for hire. St. Dunstan's, it is true, is not mentioned in "The Chimes"; but its tower was undoubtedly the model for an etching by Stanfield in the original edition of that work.

After—a long way after—such gems as the foregoing come a number of towers and spires which contrast strangely with them, heighten their beauty as a dark



AN OBLISK AS A
SPIRE-ST. LUKE'S, OLD
STREET, E.C.



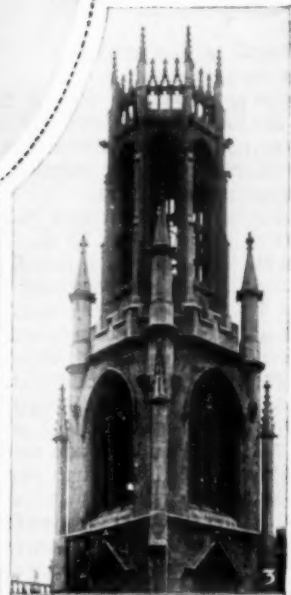
A MUCH-DERIDED
STEEPLE-ALL SOULS',
LANGHAM PLACE.



1
A FAMOUS STEEPLE-ST.
DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-EAST.



2
A LANDMARK OF OLD
LONDON BRIDGE-
ST. MAGNUS, LOWER
THAMES STREET.



3
A DICKENSIAN STEEPLE-
ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-
WEST.

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cloud shows up fireworks, and constitute some of the curiosities of London. They are, in fact, architectural "freaks," which move our old friend, the "intelligent foreigner," to deep-chested laughter.

Most prominent of all these monstrosities is that which Horace Walpole pronounced to be "a masterpiece of absurdity"—the steeple of St. George's, Bloomsbury. It consists of an obelisk surmounted with the statue of George I., and is an attempt to realise Pliny's description of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus; but it has probably inspired more lampoons than any other structure of its kind in the world. Many people who have never seen it know the epigram:

"When Harry the Eighth left
the Pope in the lurch,
The people of England made
him head of the Church;
But George's good subjects, the
Bloomsbury people,
Instead of a church, make him
head of a steeple."

Loyal as the unique structure is now, it was formerly more so; for on the corners of the lowest of the series of steps which make up the obelisk were lions and unicorns quartering the royal arms. These were removed in 1871.

Another obelisk-topped tower is not so well known—that of St. Luke's, Old Street. The spire is a fluted pillar, and, though, like the Bloomsbury "freak," it has its admirers, the dearest friend of the architect was perhaps unable in conscience to go farther than declare it original. That it certainly is.

A curious spire of a different character dominates Langham Place. It is attached to All Souls' Church, and seems to have been suggested by that once common object of the grocer's window, the sugar-loaf. When it was completed (about 1826), public scorn was focused on it so sharply that if the architect had been a moderately sensitive man, he would have writhed in



"A MASTERPIECE OF ABSURDITY"—
ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY.

agony. Being thick-skinned, however, he enjoyed rather than disliked it. Somebody sent him a copy of a published caricature representing him as impaled on the summit of his remarkable creation. Instead of being annoyed, he laughed merrily, and showed it to his clerks, remarking:

"See, gentlemen, how criticism has exalted me!"

Westminster, again, has its curiosity, or, rather, curiosities, in church steeples; for St. John's has stuck on it four belfries. It is an amazing edifice altogether, and the quartette of towers, one on each corner, round it off. Presumably the architect was determined to be symmetrical at all costs.

Diverting would be the history of some of such architectural "freaks." And, judging from what is known of the birth of one or two of them, it would be instructive also, and thus realise the old ideal. In proof of this, the circumstances in which the tower of St. Mary's, Haggerston, were built will alone suffice.

This structure is so huge—it rises from the middle of the façade to a great height—that many stories cluster round it, some of them packed with details intended to give them verisimilitude. It is stated, for instance, that the architect, being busy when the builder asked him to what height he should carry the tower, and not having made up his mind on the point, told him to go on till he was stopped. On the following day the architect travelled to a distant part of the country, where he was detained for some time on another building. Returning to London, he went to Haggerston to see how work was progressing, and was amazed to find that the tower had reached its present height. In a frenzy he pounced on the unhappy builder, who said he had done merely as he was told. The architect then remembered his instructions, and promptly

LONDON'S TOWERS AND SPIRES

finished off the job by clapping on it a little tower with pinnacles.

Passing belief is this story; and yet, after all, the real history of the monstrous tower is not a whit more incredible. The facts are these:

During the construction of the church, the contractor bought for an old song a quantity of Bath stone which had formed part of a house. Anxious to realise on his bargain forthwith, he obtained an interview with the building committee, and told that body that he could afford to build them a magnificent tower at a ridiculously low price. The committee came to the conclusion that here was indeed a chance, and ordered the contractor to erect a tower as high

as he could for a certain sum, which was the utmost they could expend on such a structure. So the builder went ahead, and, if he did not satisfy the committee, certainly provided Haggerston with a wonder.

After this, the legend connected with another church tower in a different part of London seems less preposterous than when taken alone. Much of the stone in it, according to local report, originally did service in a prison which was demolished many years ago!

Notwithstanding the absurdities, however, London's towers and spires form, as a whole, a huge and magnificent group—a group which, if it does not include a landmark so conspicuous as any of Coven-

try's three tall spires, a gem like the famous belfry of Bruges or the pride of Ely, or a masterpiece so imposing as the Bell Harry Tower of Canterbury's glorious pile is from the London Road at the point where Chaucer's pilgrims first caught sight of it, is nevertheless ennobling and a monument of British faith and genius.

Let us hope that none of the special gems will be further shut in by lofty buildings, or, worse still, "killed" by obstructions, such as—to take an extreme case—a

preposterous memorial that it was proposed to erect to Queen Anne. The monument, on paper, was a huge structure, and it was intended to plant it, while Anne was still on the Throne, in front of St. Mary-le-Strand, and thereby absolutely smother the fine façade. Just, however, as building operations were about to begin, an event happened that caused the scheme to be abandoned. That event was formally communicated to the world in terms which have since become rather familiar: "Queen Anne is dead"!



THE SILENT SENTINEL OF PRESO-LAND.—ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET.

ROUND A SUNDIAL

BY

AMY LE FEUVRE

*Author of "A Country Corner,"
etc.*

No. 1.—A BOY'S PURPOSE

AN old sundial in the midst of a green lawn, facing an old historical house. It was mounted in grey granite, chipped and worn by centuries of exposure, and round it was a stone bench. At its base grew a sweetbrier, which climbed up it in a wild undisciplined way. It had witnessed many scenes in the bygone years: children had played round it; lovers had leant and talked upon it; old people had rested on the bench beneath it; but it had never experienced a sadder scene than this. The house itself, and all the property that for five hundred years had been in the Raymond family, was to be sold to any stranger who bid the highest price for it.

It was the close of a hot breathless day in August. The doves were cooing in the shady group of sycamores that bordered one side of the lawn. There was a hush over the sweet-scented garden; the flowers were folding themselves up for the night; the birds were faintly twittering from the leafy branches of their retreats; and the old house stood grimly silent in the midst. All day long the auctioneer and his men had been busy inside, moving and ticketing some of its priceless contents. They had gone now; and the quiet after the continued vulgar bustle in it, seemed the more marked in contrast. Presently across the velvet lawn stole a boyish figure, and he made his way to the old sundial.

He was only a little fellow of twelve,

but he held himself squarely and proudly, and would have died rather than let anyone see the bitter tears that were rising in his eyes. He leant against the sundial, and gazed at his home with a heart-breaking sob. Child though he was, how he loved it! How he had revelled in all its past histories, and in his ancestors' noble exploits! How he had listened whilst his enthusiastic young mother, a distant descendant of his father's family, had related stories that had been handed down from generation to generation of the Raymonds! And how, from his babyhood, he had been accustomed to consider himself as the heir to it all!

When a year ago his father died, how earnestly he had resolved in his boyish heart that he would be his widowed mother's comfort and support! And when the truth was gradually revealed to him that the end had come; that after years of ceaseless and unprofitable struggle it was useless to hold out against fate, even then, it wanted the actual dismantling of the house to make him realise it fully. Perhaps when he was told to bid farewell to his pony the blow was most crushing. Now, with clenched sunburned fists and tear-stained checks, he stood in the glory of a lovely sunset to feast his eyes for the last time upon the home he loved. He felt so small, so powerless in the hand of fate. And the knowledge of his weakness only added to the

ROUND A SUNDIAL

bitterness of his soul. With childish passion he cried aloud :

"If I were a man they would not dare to treat us so ! I should be able to think of some way to get rid of them and keep our home !"

And then across the shadowy lawn flitted a slender black-robed figure.

"Godwin !"

"Here, mother !"

He went forward to meet her, a boy that any mother would have been proud to own, so fearless and frank was his carriage, so true and honest were his clear grey eyes.

Mrs. Raymond seemed as if she had hardly left her girlhood behind her. A golden-haired, blue-eyed girl she was still, with a sensitive soul and a proud spirit, but with a strength and serenity that leavened both, and which made themselves felt in every word she spoke.

Her boy linked his arm in hers, and led her back to the sundial.

"Sit down, mother. Talk to me. It's our last night. I've been wanting you badly. I think I love this old dial better than anything else in the garden. It is very, very old, is it not ?"

Mrs. Raymond with her hand on her boy's shoulder turned to look at it, then slowly and impressively she read aloud the motto that was carved in the grey stone :

"Shadow and sun—so, too, our lives are made,
Yet think how great the sun, how small the shade."

"But this black shade of ours is not small," the boy cried with the hot passion and impetuosity of youth.

"It does not look small now, but time will soften the blow," his mother said with the sad wisdom that was beyond her years. "There are other things more priceless than an old inheritance."

"I feel as if I can't and won't be beaten !" said the boy. "Is there no hope out of it, mother ? Can't we get it back one day ? Will not money buy it back ?"

"I suppose it might ; but money does not come to the Raymonds. It has been steadily leaving them for years and years. Your father came to his inheritance when it had become a burden, instead of a blessing. And in the struggle to keep it for you he shortened his own life. He could not stand the strain of it."

Godwin looked up at his mother with pitiful eyes. But he said nothing, he could not trust himself to speak.

Mrs. Raymond gazed at the old dial with loving affection ; then impulsively she bent down and kissed the moss-covered granite with her lips.

"Your father asked me to marry him here," she said ; and at the bare recollection of that golden day the blush rose to her soft, pale cheeks. "And," she continued, "when you were a baby, Godwin, we would bring you out here in the cool of the evening and stand you upon the dial to see how you were growing. He is an old friend of ours. How I wish we could take him with us. But as we cannot do that, shall we take his message and hide it in our hearts ?"

"What message, mother ?"

"'Shadow and sun—so, too, our lives are made,
Yet think how great the sun, how small the shade.'"

Is not that a bright bit of parting cheer he gives us ? The sun makes the shadows, and they mark the time. This morning, Godwin, in my daily text-book I read :

"'The Lord God is a sun and shield. The Lord will give grace and glory. No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.' If we have that great sun in our hearts, shadows will seem very small and fleeting."

But Godwin was knitting his brows.

"I'm sure, mother, that you have always walked uprightly ; yet God is taking away our 'good thing' from us !"

"So we think in our blindness, dear ; but God sees farther than we do. It is not a 'good thing' for us now, or He would not have taken it away."

She sat down on the old stone bench, and Godwin laid his head on her shoulder in his old childish way.

"Talk, mother, talk. I don't want to think."

So she talked to him soothingly and cheerfully of the days to come, when he and she would be in the small town house she meant to take, near a good grammar school, where he would receive his education.

"And when I grow up ?" he inquired wistfully. "may I still be a soldier, mother ? I have no property now to keep me. Father used to talk to me about the responsibilities of being a landlord. I shall have no responsibilities now. Can I be a soldier, mother ?"

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"We shall be very badly off, my boy. I doubt if that will be possible."

Godwin's thoughts flew to his ancestors—the Raymonds who figured so proudly in the long portrait gallery above the oak hall. Soldiers and sailors there were amongst them; courtiers and ambassadors; some in hunting attire; some as plain English squires. He had always meant to have his portrait painted when he donned a cavalry uniform. His boyish hopes were set on that. A charger, a scarlet coat, and a sword had been his ideal from infancy. Now this, too, was to be taken from him.

It was a bitter moment; he could see no light in the future; his boyish face was clouded with gloom, and rebellion was seething in his soul.

At last with a little sigh his mother left him.

"I must go, darling; old nurse is busy packing, and I want to help her. Godwin, my boy, bear this trouble like a man—like a Christian gentleman. Our shadow is big, but our Sun behind it is great; and shadows pass, but our Sun will always be with us."

She went to join her faithful old servant, who was busy in the few rooms in the west wing of the house which had been left undisturbed for their use.

Godwin sat on by the sundial, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his forehead puckered with thought. Presently a step on the soft turf beside him made him start. It was an old gardener, one of the oldest servants on the estate; and he stood looking at the downcast figure of the boy in great perplexity.

"Eh, Master Godwin," he said, rubbing his head, "this is an evil time, sure enough. My legs be old and shaky, and I be gettin' rusty and clumsy in the work, but 'tis nothin' to the breakin' up of my 'cart inside of me. I never thought I'd see sich trouble as this. And I'm to be pensioned into the almshouse to-morrow, with the other old dotty folk. Oh! 'tis past belief and bearin'!"

"So it is, Tom," cried the boy, "but you are old and I am young, and it is a hundred times harder for me."

"I remember," the old man continued, tapping the sundial impressively with his horny knuckles, "your father standin' on the top o' this 'ere dile, when he were a little chap in short knickers and white socks. 'Tom,' 'e says, 'I'm the king o' the castle."

"'Aye,' I says to him, p'intin' to the house, 'but that be your house, not this 'ere old dile.' 'Yes,' he says, 'but that house is too big for me to manage.' Aye, that were his words, and it were a prophecy, for Mr. Harold hadn't the sperrit and strength to fight for his castle. He jest bowed his 'ead, and the money leaked away, and he couldn't seem to think of no ways of gettin' more. And in course, a Raymond never had been trained to work, but Master Godwin, look 'ee here! If this were my 'ome—and it have bin close to my 'cart these many years—but if I were born to it same as you, I'd go out on the high road and break stones—anythin' to earn a bit of money rather than sit by and see the old place go to strangers. Fortin's have been lost, but fortin's have been found again!" Fire flashed in the old man's eyes as he spoke, and fire kindled in the young one's gazing into his.

"I don't understand all you say, Tom, but if breaking stones on the road to-morrow would give me back my home, of course, I'd do it!"

"Would ye now? I b'lieve ye would, Master Godwin, but that be but a figger o' speech. I b'lieve ye will do summat yet, from the look on ye."

The old man hobbled away and Godwin heard him muttering as he went:

"Fortin's can be mended."

The boy sat still thinking, and thinking very deeply. Dusk began to fall in the old garden; the dew was on the grass; and even the twittering of the birds had ceased.

"I think," he said, uttering his thoughts aloud, "I will go to the church just to say Good-bye to our monuments."

He went through the gardens and across a bit of the park till he came to the church which held the bones of his forefathers. Though it was fast getting dark, he pushed open the heavy church door, and wandered round the building looking up at the quaint old epitaphs on many of the tablets. Then he came to two ancient tombs with recumbent figures of Raymonds in their armour upon them. And lastly he came to the family vault, which had only been opened a year ago to receive his father. He stood and wondered if, because he was ejected from his inheritance, he would be refused admission here when dead.

"Shall I never have the right to be buried



"Mrs. Raymond with her hand on her boy's shoulder turned to look at it, then slowly and impressively she read . . ."—p. 45.

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with the Raymonds?" he asked himself with a rising sob. "I have done nothing to deserve being shut out from it all."

As he stood forlorn and disconsolate in the empty church, the full harvest moon rose outside in the sky, and poured a flood of silver light through the window upon the lettering on the family vault, and the

in some village sports, and his father had shaken his head despondently.

"It is not the Raymonds' luck to win," he said.

Mrs. Raymond had laughingly reproved him.

"Don't say so to your son. I mean him to have a purpose in his life."



"Though it was fast getting dark, he pushed open the heavy church door"—p. 46.

Raymond motto caught his eye and held him spellbound.

"Tenax propositi vinco."

How often had he been called upon to translate it by his father.

"Holding to my promise I win."

He remembered saying it to his father once where there was talk of his competing

Godwin dwelt upon this past conversation now as he sorrowfully left the church. He wended his way across the park and dusky gardens; then suddenly it flashed across him what his purpose could be, and hope came back to him, and gladness, and courage.

The moon shone full on the old sundial, and

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with an impulse he hardly at the moment understood, he bounded across the velvet lawn and whipped off his cap as he stood by his old friend.

With shining eyes and resolute determined lips he knelt upon the stone bench, and with bowed head and closed eyes he registered there a vow to God, and asked for a blessing upon it.

And then with head erect he walked into the house. He had left it a couple of hours previously a gloomy discontented boy, he returned to it with a man's purpose in his soul.

"Mother," he said to Mrs. Raymond when, according to her custom, she visited him in his bed for a last "Good-night," "do you remember a fellow in the Bible going away from his home and making a vow to God by a pillar of stone. Wasn't it Jacob?"

"Yes," replied his mother; "why do you think of him, dear, to-night?"

"Could you just find the place for me? I want to read it."

Mrs. Raymond took up his small Bible, and, sitting by his bedside, read him the account of Jacob's vision and vow. Godwin lay very still. His eyes never left his mother's face.

Once he murmured with her as she read:

"So that I come again to my father's house in peace."

And then when she had finished the chapter, he gave a long-drawn sigh.

"I've made a vow, mother, to-night. And it was by a pillar of stone. Only the sundial and I know what it was."

He would say no more, but sleep was long in coming to him that night. The hope that had sprung up in his heart excited him. He tossed about restlessly, and at last fell asleep, to dream strange medleys of sundials and churches, and journeys to and fro. Towards dawn he slumbered soundly, but he awoke at five o'clock, and then determined he would stay in bed no longer. He

hastily dressed himself, and let himself out of the house very quietly into the sunny garden. It was deliciously sweet in the early morning. Life did not appear so impossible to him now. Another idea had taken possession of him, and he was eager to carry it out. He visited his carpentering shop, picked up a hammer and a couple of chisels, and whistling contentedly, crossed the lawn to the sundial.

Then with steady, sturdy hands, he began to chisel some words round the granite base of the dial. He was a long time about it, for it was hard to cut, and harder still to shape his letters correctly. But he worked on, until the muscles stood out upon his arms and hands with the effort, and beads of moisture were on his brow. He had thrown off his jacket, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and every now and then he would stand back and survey his handiwork with anxious, critical eyes.

At last his work was finished, and he gathered up his tools.

"There, old friend," he said, laying his hand with an affectionate caress on the old dial plate, "you carry the time and some words of wisdom, but I have made you carry something else now, and mind you let your future owner see it. It is just a word of warning to him."

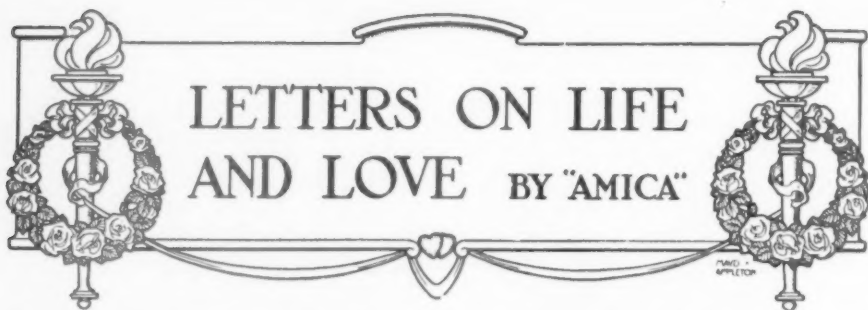
The sundial might have smiled at the haughty assurance of the small boy, as he turned for the last time from the scene of his labour, and retraced his steps to the house.

An hour or two later, there was bustle and activity in the old Hall, but the boy and his mother were far away. The old sundial still recorded the golden hours in the centre of the lawn, for time could not stay to mourn over the downfall of the Raymond family: only—later in the day the sun discovered the freshly lettered words, and brought them forward with startling distinctness:

"I will come back. Dei Gra. G. R."

This is the first of a short series of connected stories, by Miss Amy Le Feuvre. The second, "A Girl's Refusal," will appear in our January number, and will continue the story of the Old Sundial.





LETTERS ON LIFE AND LOVE BY "AMICA"

7.—To a Mother whose Daughters do not Marry off as she Anticipated

MY DEAR ELEANOR,—If time stood still, no spectacle would be as beautiful as a youngish mother surrounded by half a dozen daughters old enough to be companionable and young enough to experience the child's pleasure in active usefulness, occupying a pretty, well-kept English home and enjoying life in the Ruskinian way that consists in being happy and inducing happiness. Yet when I congratulated you on just this state of affairs you sighed. That reminded me that time does not stand still. You replied to my congratulations that you have much to be thankful for, and then you made the irrelevant remark that Isobel will soon be twenty-eight.

Permit me to say, first, that that observation disconcerted me, and that you should not have made it. It is no one's business how many years a pretty, pleasant young woman has seen. To inquire thereabouts would be impertinence. Why volunteer information that no one is entitled to seek?

I do not think people should make their health or their age or their income topics of general conversation, much less should they talk of these intimate things in connection with other people.

You may say that I could reckon your daughter's age if I took the trouble to recall certain landmarks in our mutual history. But it would not occur to me to do so, any more than to try to remember when she had had measles. I hope you will not take it amiss if I indicate that people are well-bred in proportion as they leave little incidents of personal history in abeyance. I have known

mothers who had no compunctions about making general conversation, in their presence, of the tempers, the appearance, and even the physical infirmities of their children. Such women ought to be judicially slain: they are monsters. Young hearts are tender things. Sometimes when family love is lacking the reason is not difficult to find.

But to return to your girls after this digression!

You wanted them to marry, and to marry young, and a little reproach, which I hope you have always kept inarticulate, dwells in your mind that your eldest daughter remains a spinster while approaching her third decade.

First, let me remind you that the nuptial age has risen considerably in the past three or four generations, and that the conditions of average happiness have been enormously increased owing to the change of social habit. Why, the grandmothers of those who have now reached middle life were mothers at seventeen and eighteen years of age, and a family of fifteen or sixteen children was by no means anomalous. Think of all that entailed for both parents and children, and be thankful.

To-day a larger proportion of both men and women do not marry at all. This has led scaremongers to say that higher education will unfit women for domestic life, and will render them unwilling to enter on it. Do not believe that. It will take a multitude of extras to modify human nature, and the cleverest product of the most advanced schools will be as ready as ever she was to marry

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when she meets the man she desires, and finds that he wants her. But she will not be as likely to regard marriage as her sole resource, or to determine that any marriage is better than no marriage.

In my opinion, girls never were more interesting, good-looking, or desirable than they are now. If they remain more frequently unwedded it is because something in their circumstances acts as a handicap. There are a score of financial handicaps which affect the general marriage rate. Men cannot make a livelihood in England to-day as they did a quarter of a century ago. If I wanted to write you a dull statistical letter I could indicate several reasons why this is so. If you will accept the statement that it is so it will be simpler for both of us. More men emigrate to-day than in the past. When they do so they rarely come back to seek the girls they left behind them. Then the standard of comfort has risen, and there is no time when young people desire so much to cut a dash as when they are establishing the new home. These conditions affect the whole community. Now for what is personal to you!

That you have no son is handicap No. 1. Where a family consists of both sexes the way to wedlock is more open. Each sex brings home friends of that sex. Large, informal parties are of frequent occurrence, and these afford the very best opportunity of enabling a girl to indicate in her mother's house what manner of creature she is: active, resourceful, amiable, or the reverse.

Then you have six girls. That is handicap No. 2. I think a man would have to be as brave as Jason who, in cold blood, would be the first to venture among five sisters-in-law. If he fell in love before the numerical momentum of his future relatives struck him they would be discounted to his imagination; but when a man is merely feeling his way to love he is often a timid creature.

I shall always maintain that in matters matrimonial French and other Continental people are much wiser than we. Abroad, your large family would not hamper you, provided you could supply each daughter with a dowry suited to her position. In France, where the claims to a dowry are universal, they are modest. There a

girl would be considered dowered if what is here her dress allowance proceeded from invested money and would be guaranteed to her for life. And, after all, would not that be a meritorious habit on the part of her progenitors?

That we, as a nation, depend mainly on public assemblies to foster sentiment is unfortunate, seeing that love belongs to seclusion, is encouraged by solitude, thrives in retirement. In olden times, when the ardent youth vowed at sight of the fair lady, "She and she only shall be my bride," the public assembly made a very good exhibition centre; but it would appear that in those days the community consisted chiefly of moneyed and picturesque gentlemen who merely needed to ask and have. To-day one knows quite a number of people who have to earn what they live on, and live on what they earn, and these know that rash vows have often to be expiated in a hum-drum and tedious way. All quite young men would like to marry, but the conditions are unfavourable to enterprise of this kind in their very early years; before those have modified, the girls that were their contemporaries, and with whom they had much in common, have grown as old as they, and somehow the interval has made a difference.

You must divide up your family if you wish them to make individual conquests. Presented in a bunch, inevitably they discount each other's attractions. Take two to travel with you, let two visit friends, let the other two remain at home with an aunt as chaperon, and let these give little parties on their own account. As far as may be, select their friends. That done, grant them a certain amount of liberty. According to my observation—and you know onlookers see most of the game—in very few households is the happy mean observed with regard to the independence of the children. Some parents supervise their young people as if they were crafty wild animals, while others grant them a freedom that savours more of licence than of liberty. When one sees grown-up young people treated at home as gentlemen and ladies, with the courtesy accorded to strangers and the affection due to relatives, what a happy, sunny atmosphere the habit

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creates, and how comfortable and at home each new arrival feels! If I could carve a motto on the lintels and the doorposts of every establishment in the kingdom—commercial, domestic, or scholastic—it would be, "Good manners, good manners, and again good manners." What friendships, what loves, what friendly conditions have I not seen wrecked because people thought they could, by reason of intimacy, dispense with that lubricant.

Never speak to your young people of marriage as a goal. Youth is naturally proud, rightly and dignifiedly proud. I sometimes read printed counsel to girls to make themselves attractive—to men being understood. It is degrading. Inculcate the habits that render them attractive: good temper, the desire to oblige, the usage of finding other people interesting, and leave these to work their way.

Do not dress them that they shall look expensive. Some girls, careful enough in the main, have an aspect of extreme fashion that savours of costliness. This is alarming to the owner of a meagre purse. One is afraid of a possible life partner who will expect luxuries. It is better not to encourage young people to seem formidable for any reason.

Finally, let each girl's special aptitude be cultivated, and also respected. Each who knows anything well, whether practical or mental, useful or ornamental, will infallibly prove interesting to others of

like mind. Being interesting, she will never find life dull. Then bear in mind that there are both men and women who have a faculty for the celibate life, and who would never marry if they could maintain themselves in comfort in single blessedness, and could stand unmoved before the imputation that they are single perforce. These may marry from fear of Mrs. Grundy and the bogies she raises; but the observant eye can detect them. They are never in their element in the exuberant household.

Most of your girls will marry. You know I have a prophetic faculty which tells me a number of things not heard of the majority. Should one or two remain spinsters, you must do your part that these shall see the others go in friendship, so that in friendship they may meet again. A great deal of ill-feeling sometimes arises in connection with marriages which may impart an acrid flavour to the whole cup of the subsequent life. Do not encourage a greedy spirit on the one side or a curmudgeon spirit on the other. Those who go have their rights and their claims, but so have those who remain. You must hold the balance straight. The family consists of units; it makes a happy whole only when each unit dovetails into the rest. Whoso can be helpful and pleasant in the family will prove the same in the community.

Yours, with good wishes,

AMICA.





Love's Magic

WHAT if the trees are shedding
 Their leaves of autumn gold;
 What if the rain is falling,
 And the wind is blowing cold:
 The flowers have waked to blossom
 In the garden of my soul,
 And waves of glorious sunshine
 Around my spirit roll.

What if the birds are speeding
 Swift to a southern clime,
 And the summer days are gathered
 By the ruthless hand of Time:
 My ears are tuned to echoes
 More sweet than music's art,
 And every day is golden;
 There is summer in my heart.

MARGARET GIRDLESTONE.



Shadows across the Track

RAILWAY engineers do not like the shadows which are cast across the rails ahead of them by trees and other objects along the way. Sometimes these weird spectres of the night look like men. Now they take the form of horses and cattle. And well these men of the throttle know that if these shadowy visitants are what they look as if they might be, danger lies close ahead. But soon they see that it is only moonlight playing them tricks.

A good share of the trouble Christians have in this world comes from shadows.

Life's way does not always run through meadow land and prairie. Winding along the side of high hills, dipping deep into leafy dells, following the course of moonlit streams and often seeming to plunge straight into the heart of some mountain of trouble, grim objects appear to lie on every hand to

frighten us and make us think that there never will be peace again. Then suddenly the thing we feared has melted away and we have seen only shadows.

Does it seem to us we are walking alone? Shadows. Close by our side is the dear One who never forgets His own. Are we fearful that we are not living up to our best, that at last we shall meet the Father's frown? Shadows. Trusting Him, we are ever coming a little nearer to the ideal we have set before us. Do we fancy that our prayers are never to be answered? Only shadows. He is ever better than our fears. Some day we will know that the faintest cry we sent up was heard and never forgotten.

Why should we weary ourselves with these shadows? Why not trust Him more? As the moonlight brings the shadows on life's way, so it is God's love that sends the sunshine and the rain, and all is for our good.
 —EDGAR L. VINCENT.



What is Success?

SEEMING failure was conspicuous on Calvary. Apparently Jesus of Nazareth had accomplished nothing. The Old Testament heroes died, it is true, without having received the promises, but their characters were greatly enriched and ennobled by the visions of life which led them on and on, as prizes at school lead on ignorant children to knowledge; and as the hope of securing fame leads on to enterprise and toil and resulting worth of character.

What is fame? It is no sure test of merit; it is only an accident. It is not the property of true worth. If true success is to be found in work, and if "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive," seeming failure is often true

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success. To master oneself, to plod faithfully on in the conscientious discharge of duty, day by day and hour by hour and moment by moment, this is in most instances apparently to fail, but in reality and in all instances it is truly to succeed.

Success is not to be measured by applause but by fidelity. Robert Louis Stevenson never saw more deeply into the real mission and meaning of the discipline which makes a disciple of the Christ than when (without intending the slightest reference to Christ) he wrote: "Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. When the time comes for one to go, no better epitaph can be desired than this: 'Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much.' Give him a march with his old bones; there—out of the glorious, sun-coloured earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure."—GEORGE SHIPMAN PAYSON.



Storm and Sunshine

*THE shadows deepen round me, clouds
gather overhead,
I hear the distant thunder, while skies are
lurid red;
The woods grow dark and sombre, hushed
the still air,
Tho' at morn birds sweetly trilled to sunbeams
dancing there.*

*Emblem of my own life's day, at morn thus
fair and bright,
Swiftly sped the moments in affection's sunny
light;
But the light has faded now, earth looks dark
and dreary,
Heart and courage faileth oft, sad my soul
and weary.*

*Yet the storm will pass away and calm return
once more,
Bees will hum and song-birds trill as sweetly
as before;
Sunshine in warm floods of light will bathe
the earth again,
Flowers lift their heads refreshed and strengthened
by the rain.*

*From life dark clouds of sorrow, Oh! Father,
chase away,
Let Thy love light to-morrow, my path so dim
to-day,
My soul by storm made stronger, heart purer
for its pain,
Through storm and sunshine guide me,
Eternal Light to gain.*

HAROLD R. NOUCHE.

Heavenly Wisdom

THE natives of India had a saying about Sir Henry Lawrence: "When Sir Henry looked up twice to heaven and once down to earth, and then stroked his beard, he knew what to do."

If we may utilise the saying, it seems to express the attitude of mind with which all life's work and study should be done. The reverence which looks up, and the observation which looks around, combined with the judgment that can reflect, become safeguards against the falsehoods of extremes.

There is an observation which is keen enough, but which, never looking upward, has no reverence; there is a pious reverence which, in its rapt and heavenward gaze, forgets to look earthward, and so loses touch with humanity; but he who, while regarding heaven, does not forget the world in which he lives and seeks to know also the man within, will avoid alike the dogmatism which is irreverent and the mysticism which is impractical.—BISHOP OF RIPON.



The Two-sided Yoke

"I HAD finished my sermon, when a good man came to me and said: 'I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something.' 'Well, my friend,' I said, 'it is very good of you. May I not have it still?'

"Do you know why His yoke is light, sir? If not, I think I can tell you.' 'Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose.'

"No, sir," he explained, shaking his head; 'I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke. And the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said.' (I had referred to the Greek word; but how much better it was to know the real thing.)

"He went on triumphantly: 'Father's yoke was always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see we would put a weak bullock alongside of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock, because the stronger one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder.'

"Then his face lit up as he said: 'That is why the "yoke is easy and the burden is light," because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon His shoulder.'—MARK GUY PEARSE.



HIS CHARGE.
(Drawn by N. Schlegel.)

The Teacher of Glen Cruach

A Story of Love and Conquest

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

(Illustrated by VICTOR PROUT)

"THERE'S a letter for ye, Angus!"

At the first sound of the postman's horn, Sandy and Rob, the sturdy twin boys—alternate pride and plague of their stalwart elder brother, had together raced headlong down the hill-side to see what he might be bringing, and now, panting and triumphant, they returned with their prize and stood watching with eager eyes as Angus stuck his spade into the ground and took the letter in his hand.

"Mr. Angus Macalister, Allanfearn, Glen Cruach," repeated Sandy in tones of awe. "Eh! but it looks mighty fine!"

"It'll be finer yet inside!" said Rob suggestively, but Angus took no heed of them.

"The letter can wait," he said, "there's digging to be done, and there's stones to be picked."

The boys' faces fell; a letter was a rare event on the farm, unless it should be from Kirsty, the sister away in service in far Aberdeen, and dear Kirsty's writing was much like the sprawlings and crawlings of a spider let loose on a sheet of paper; the boys loved to read her letters, but there was no excitement about them; they knew what was in them before they were opened. But this envelope, so neat, so glossy, with its Edinburgh postmark and its copper-plate address, was brimming over with excitement, with excitement and romance.

"'Tis from a lord, I reckon," said Sandy, who was a well-read person, "there's a sicht o' lords in Edinburgh—I've seen it in the buiks."

"Ah! But there's other things than lords," said Rob, who was of a more practical turn. "There's grocers and there's bakers. What was Angus when he was doon in Edinburgh? Tell me that, Sandy Macalister!"

It was quite true that Angus had spent two years in Edinburgh, apprenticed to a grocer, a distant cousin of his mother's; but though Sandy could not deny it, he had no intention of allowing that the

letter came from some common-place acquaintance of his brother's city life.

"I tell ye 'tis from a lord!" he said obstinately, and knowing that it was hopeless to convince him, Rob held his tongue.

It was not till the day's work was done, not till the boys were in bed, and he and his mother were sitting on either side of the hearth, that Angus drew the letter out of his pocket and tore open the envelope—he knew well enough from whom it came, and he did not choose to read it under his brothers' eyes. It was from no lord, nor was it from a grocer; it was from a school-teacher who had lately been appointed to Glen Cruach and whom Mrs. Macalister and her son had offered to take into their house for the winter, that the children who lived in the neighbouring cottages might be taught with Sandy and Rob while the road that led to the school was impassable.

A five or six miles' walk to school is nothing to Highland children so long as the weather is moderate; but five miles is equal to ten or twelve in the teeth of a blizzard, and snow-drifts shoulder high are obstacles that the most gallant-hearted little scholars cannot surmount. The last winter had been a severe one, and for three months or more Allanfearn and the houses near it had been condemned to a splendid isolation, and Angus and his mother had shaken their heads sadly over the boys' waste of time.

"We won't have this again!" said Angus decisively. "What's the good of being a bit better off than our neighbours if we can't do something for the help of all? The teacher's bite and sup won't make us any the poorer, and the children can have their lessons in one of the out-houses—there's not a dozen of them, all told."

Mrs. Macalister said nothing against the plan; since her husband's sudden death, three years ago, had brought Angus back from Edinburgh as master of the house, she

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had been willing to be guided by him in all things.

"He's a good lad!" she told all her friends, and the praise was well deserved, and as the long gap in age between him and the turbulent twins made him seem more like a brother than a son to her, she had learnt to lean upon him more and more. Kirsty disliked country life and had gone away from home, and the two girls who came next below her in age had both died, so that the distance between the twelve-year-old twins and the brother whose years numbered twenty-five, seemed long indeed.

"What's amiss with the letter?" asked his mother, as he pushed it away from him with a frown.

"I hate fine writing!" he said with a snort. "Just listen to the fellow's phrases, mother; he must have picked them all out of a book!"

*"17, Smithson Street,
Edinburgh."*

"DEAR SIR,—I have received a letter from the schoolmaster of Glen Cruach, by whom I have just been engaged as assistant, informing me that I am to be a guest at your house during the winter months, that I may teach your children and those who reside in the neighbouring houses, and that I am to commence my duties on the 15th of November. Kindly let me know how I may reach Allanfearn. I shall hope to arrive on the 14th by the steamer which reaches the pier at two o'clock.—Yours faithfully,

"CECIL MORTON."

"Well, what's amiss with it?" asked Mrs. Macalister again. "I don't see anything wrong except that he thinks that you are the boys' father instead of their brother."

"Well, I don't see why he should use all the longest words in the language. I suppose he thinks that we are such savages that we shall be impressed with his show of learning. He'll be a bit surprised when he sees you, mother! You weren't maid for five years to such a lady as the mistress of Cruach Castle for nothing, and I think that I managed to learn a thing or two in Edinburgh. Poor little mincing fool! I know just what he'll be like—I saw plenty of that sort down South! Why, he's got a name like the hero of one of those tales

in the fashion papers that Kirsty sends you. But never mind, it will do Master Cecil Morton all the good in the world to try a life like ours for a bit, and after all, it won't do the boys any harm if he does polish up their tongues—they're a pair of terrible little cubs, and no mistake!"

His unflattering description was certainly justified when the news of Cecil Morton's coming was broken to them next day. A school-teacher in the house! What an awful, awful fate! A teacher in the schoolroom was bad enough, but that they could submit to; it was the thought of having a teacher in the house, a teacher at breakfast, dinner and supper, listening to their conversation, correcting their mistakes, and telling them to mind their manners—that seemed to them a doom too terrible to contemplate.

Terrible or not, it was a doom that they could not escape, and on the 14th of November they saw Angus put the horse in the dog-cart to go down and meet the steamer.

"Tip him in the lake, can't you?" cried Rob as he drove off.

"It's high time that you had someone to thrash a little sense into you!" was Angus's retort, and as he drove down to the lake he said to himself that he would not mind the new-comer's prim and precise ways if only he proved to be a good disciplinarian; not harsh, of course, that could not be allowed, but firm and decided in his dealings with his scholars.

"Come down to meet someone, Angus?" said Alick Hardy, the piermaster, as he sprang out of the cart and fastened his horse to a post.

"Yes; the new teacher. He's going to board with us for a bit this winter."

"An' glad I am that it's no me that has him!" said Hardy with his jolly laugh. "But town ways are well known to you, so maybe you'll go through with it."

He was off as he spoke, for the steamer was in sight, ploughing her way through the quiet waters of the lake, and as Angus followed him more leisurely down the pier, he wondered whether after all he had made a mistake, and that he should find cause to repent his well-meant offer.

He had such a clear vision of Cecil Morton in his mind that as soon as the passengers alighted he went straight up to a young

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"Hardy pointed to a corner where stood a young girl with a box and a bag beside her."

man with a neat moustache, dressed in a well-cut suit and a bowler hat, and took the portmanteau that he carried out of his hand.

"Mr. Morton, I think?" he said.

The young man stared at him.

"My name is Wilson," he said.

"Then they've sent someone else, I suppose?" said Angus. "You're the new school-teacher, aren't you?"

"School-teacher? Not I!" was the answer. "I've come about the electric light at Cruach Castle."

Even now, Angus could scarcely believe him, but the factor from the castle coming up at this moment, the young man reclaimed his portmanteau and moved off, leaving Angus gazing at an old gentleman wrapped up in a greatcoat, a cloak, and a shawl, and a rough-looking drover who was busy unloading some cattle.

It was evident that neither of these could be the teacher, and he was just going off in high dudgeon when Hardy came up to him with a grin on his face.

"Ye're never awa' without the teacher, laddie?" he said.

"The teacher's not come," said Angus, "I've wasted the afternoon for nothing."

For all answer, Hardy pointed to a corner by one of the pier sheds, where, sheltered a little from the rough wind, stood a young girl with a box and a bag beside her.

"Nonsense!" said Angus, but even as he spoke, he caught sight of the initials "C. M." staring whitely at him from the black cover of the box, and such a look came into his eyes that Hardy burst out laughing.

"That's a rare joke!" he said. "My missis will crack her sides when I tell her that to-night!"

A flush of anger swept over Angus's face. This was to be the end of his generous offer, when—he was to be made the laughing-stock of the Glen by this slip of a girl! But even yet he could not believe it, and going up to her, he put the question that had become fixed in his brain: "Are you Mr. Morton?"

A gleam of fun lit up the girl's dark eyes for a minute, but it was quickly quenched again, and she answered gravely enough.

"I am the new assistant-teacher for Glen Cruach. Have you come from Mr. Angus Macalister?"

"I am Angus Macalister," was his brief answer; he was still too much upset to be polite, and, shouldering the trunk, he marched off without another word and began stowing it away at the back of the cart.

It was not until they were off that she

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ventured to take another glance at him; the inquisitive looks and muttered words of which he had been so vividly conscious as they made their way down the pier had not improved his temper, and the frown on his forehead surprised and rather disgusted her.

"Even if he doesn't like me, he needn't show it so plainly!" she said to herself. "I won't speak to him till he speaks to me—he wants to be taught a lesson!"

Silent she sat accordingly, and silent Angus sat beside her, looking very big and stern, with his shoulders squared defiantly, and an angry light in his grey eyes. There were not many people about, but every man, woman, and child whom they met had a good stare at them, and each stare added fresh fuel to his wrath.

But when they left the road, and turned off into the side-track that climbed its slow, laborious way up over the shoulder of the hill and out on to the moor, better thoughts began to creep into his mind. Dislike his guest as he might, there was no way of getting rid of her now, and if she was to live under his roof, he could hardly treat her as an enemy.

"I think I'd better just say a word to you before we get home," he said at last.

Cecil heaved a sigh of relief.

"I am glad of it," she said. "I had made up my mind that I wouldn't speak till you did."

He looked at her in surprise; this was not the way in which he was accustomed to be treated; he had become master of the house and farm too early not to be a little hardened by his authority, and his trust in his own opinion was certainly not easy to shake.

"I want to explain something," he said, ignoring her speech. "I did not understand that it was—that it was *you* who had been made teacher here. You have a name like a man's, and, of course, I thought you were a man."

"But did not the schoolmaster tell you?"

"No, he only spoke of you as the new teacher; perhaps he did not know himself."

There was a silence for a minute, and then she looked frankly at him.

"I am very glad that you have told me that," she said. "I was named after my father, and I am so used to the sound

of it that it never strikes me that it might lead to mistakes. I can understand that it was rather a shock to you when you saw me, and it explains your manner. I have been wondering all the way up whether I should not go away again to-morrow, for I said to myself: 'If he and his wife are going to be as glum as this all the winter, it will drive me out of my senses.'"

She laughed, a delicious, merry laugh, like a peal of silver bells, but Angus felt his face growing hot. So that was how he struck this little chit—a glum, ill-mannered fellow, whom it would be a penance to live with! His self-esteem was hard hit, but he was too proud to defend himself.

"You would not have been troubled with my wife's ill-humour," he said. "Because I have not got a wife, and my mother is just the best and dearest woman who ever walked this earth."

They were at the gate of Allanfean by this time, and she had no opportunity of answering.

"Here, Rob, come and hold the horse," he called to a skulking twin, but Rob was off like a rabbit, through the yard and into the hen-house, where Sandy was hunting for eggs.

"What is it?" cried Sandy, startled by his brother's scared look, and in an awestruck whisper, Rob gasped out—"Hoots, Sandy, the new teacher's a lassie!"

CHAPTER II

IF Cecil Morton had known what lay before her, she would probably have refused the post of assistant-teacher in Glen Cruach without an instant's hesitation. Winter set in early that year, a vast sheet of snow spread itself over the moorland, and gusts of icy wind swept across the hills, and crept through every crevice of the farmhouse. But bitter as was the cold, it was not this that Cecil minded most: the boys had set themselves against her from the first, and as they were the leading spirits among the children, the task of teaching proved to be a hard one. If she had had a proper schoolroom, with maps and pictures, and benches, so she told herself, they would have been far more amenable to authority, but gathered round the rough table in the bare outhouse, with its whitewashed walls and

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great open chimney, there was nothing to subdue them or to inspire them with awe.

Even this, however, she might have become accustomed to in time; but what tried her more than all was the feeling that Angus despised her. Not that he ever said so, he was scrupulously polite as far as words went, but he had a way of listening to her remarks in silence that she found very disconcerting, and though she tried to keep her difficulties with the children as much away from him as possible, she had a strong suspicion that he thought very meanly of her capacities as a teacher.

"And I can teach!" she said to herself fiercely. "They all said at the training college that I was one of the best teachers of the year. I wish that I had never come here!"

With such feelings as these, it was not likely that her life at Allanfean should be a very happy one; but there is always one bright spot, however dark things may be, and the bright spot in this case was the affection that grew up between her and Mrs. Macalister. Elspeth was a sweet-natured woman with a rare amount of good sense, and she never magnified troubles.

"All bairns are tiresome; you'll make them mind you over a bit," she said when Cecil came in from the schoolroom with flushed cheeks and a weary look in her eyes; and when the girl shivered with cold, she would remind her that the winter was going and the spring was coming, and set her down by the fire to have a good warm.

Cecil never complained of the boys, either to their mother or to their brother, but there were times when she really felt that she could bear them no longer. Sandy especially tried her past endurance; he was fond of books, and could do well if he liked, but he considered it a disgrace to be taught by a girl, and he openly disobeyed her whenever he got a chance.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" she asked him one day when she had kept him behind, much against his will, to rewrite an exercise.

"I'm gaen to be something that no lassie can be!" he said rudely, as he glowered at her across the table.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"I'm gaen for a soldier, an' nane o' your common soldiers neither. I've a head for mathematics, the schoolmaster says that,

and I've read through a great buik about fortifications that belonged to my grandfather, and I understood it, too, every word of it. Oh! ay, I'll be a fine soldier."

"Yes," said Cecil, "you're right, you will be a fine soldier!"

There was a contemptuous tone in her voice, and the boy stared at her.

"You are one of those who always think their own way the best," she said, "and when you have disobeyed your captain's orders, and lost the day by your mistakes, you'll see that your fine career will end up in disgrace!"

She got up as she spoke to add another log to the fire, and Sandy looked at her with a rage that he could not restrain; watching his opportunity, he stretched out his foot, and as she turned, she fell over it, and barely saved herself from crashing down on the open hearth. Her face was white and drawn as she sat down again, and she rubbed her arm softly, but she did not utter a word, and Sandy watched her uneasily.

"An' now ye'll tell on me," he said. "Oh, yes, I know the tongue ye've got!"

"No, I shan't tell," she said. "I'm not a sneak like you."

His wrath flamed up at that, and he sprang out of his chair as if he had been shot.

"I'm no a sneak!" he cried.

"Yes, you are," she said coolly. "You know that your brother has taken all the trouble of getting me here to teach you, and yet you won't learn from me. And more than that, you try to prevent the other children from learning too, though you know how it vexes their fathers and mothers—you're worse than a sneak, you're a thief, for you steal the good that they might be getting."

He flung down his pen and marched out of the room without a word, and she saw no more of him till supper time, when he sat with his eyes on his plate, and did not utter a word.

"I'm afraid your meat's tough, you don't seem able to cut it," said Mrs. Macalister, as the knife slipped from Cecil's hand.

"Oh, no! the meat is quite tender," said Cecil. "I twisted my arm a little to-day, and it makes me awkward."

She was glad when supper was over, for her arm was painful, and she was longing to get away to her own room, but as she

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went upstairs a quick step came pattering after her, and a little rough hand slid into hers.

"I am a sneak," said Sandy with a gulp, "But I'll no be a sneak any more!"

As Angus went up to bed that night he heard a sound of sobbing in the boys' room, and, going in to see what was the matter, he found Rob in floods of tears, while Sandy slept peacefully on the other little bed with a smile upon his face.

"What's the matter?" he said, sitting down beside his brother.

"Our Sandy's gaen to dee," wailed Rob; "weel I ken he's gaen to dee!"

"Going to die!" said Angus. "What rubbish have you got hold of now?"

"It's nae rubbish!" said Rob, digging his fists into his eyes. "If our Sandy wasna gaen to dee, what for should he ask the teacher's pardon?"

"Why did he ask her pardon?" said Angus. But here another voice interposed; the talking had awakened Sandy, and he sat up suddenly in his bed.

"I wouldna do as she told me," he said. "Why would I? A lassie like her! An' when she said I'd never make a soldier if I couldna obey, I up with my foot and sent her doon on the ground. But she wouldna tell on me, for she said she wasna a sneak, like me, who let you spend money for our teaching, and yet I wouldna learn."

"Was that why her arm was so stiff at supper time?"

Angus hardly knew his voice as he spoke, it sounded so harsh and stern, and Sandy cowered down in the bed.

"Are you gaen to beat me?" he faltered.

His brother strode across the room and stood beside him.

"No," he said, "I'm not blaming you, I'm blaming myself; if I'd looked after you as I should, this would never have happened, and I shall tell your teacher so. You go to sleep now, and Rob too, and don't let me ever hear of your doing such a cowardly thing again."

Poor Sandy, sneak, coward and thief! And the worst of it was that he felt that he deserved it all, but even he did not feel so remorseful as Angus, and long after he had forgotten his troubles in sleep, the elder brother tossed restlessly on his bed, a prey to feelings that made him all the more uneasy because he could not understand them. He had thought himself immeasurably superior to this little, slight creature, whose town-bred ways had no attraction for him, and whose ideas and opinions seemed to him to be too childish to be worth consideration; why then should he feel this strange misery at the thought of her pain and discomfort? He told himself impatiently that he was a fool. Everybody got a knock at times, and if she had managed Sandy better it would never have happened. But his assurances brought him no comfort. The thought of



"Our Sandy's gaen to dee, wailed Rob."

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"'But could you really be happy here—in this cold, desolate place?' he said."

that soft, white arm, all bruised and twisted, made him sick, and her plucky silence under all that she had had to encounter gave him an entirely new conception of her.

He could hardly wait till morning to speak to her, but when the opportunity actually came, all his courage seemed to be deserting him.

"I want to talk to you about Sandy," he said, following her into the sitting-room and shutting the door behind him. "I

you're stronger than I am, for all I've thought such a lot of myself, and there'll never be anyone else in all the world so dear to me as you are!"

It was out now, and in a fierce tumult of feeling he waited for the answer, but the answer was long in coming, and his heart began to fail him.

"You needn't tell me," he said. "I know it's no good; you're used to a different life from this, and how should you put up with our rough ways? One might as

heard his story last night, and it made me feel worse than I can say. Little rascal——"

But here she interposed.

"Please don't punish him," she said; "I hope that I shall have no more trouble with him, and a bruise is a small price to pay for such a result as that."

"No, it is not a small price," he said, as he glanced at the swollen wrist. "I feel as if I could never hold up my head again! That such a thing should have happened to you under my roof—no wonder you will be thankful when the time is up, and you can get away! We have managed to make you pretty miserable among us!"

Her lip trembled, but she did not speak, and he came a step nearer to her.

"I have made myself miserable too," he said. "I don't know how it is nor what it means, but I've never had an easy moment since you came into the house. I tried to make myself think that it was all annoyance at your being so different to what I'd expected, but I found out what it really was last night when I knew how you'd been treated and how brave you'd been—

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well take a flower out of a greenhouse and plant it out in the middle of the moor to wither in the snow and wind!"

He turned to go, but a word from Cecil stopped him.

"Angus!" she said; and though the whisper was so low that he could hardly hear it, it brought him back to her side.

"You were quite right when you said that your life is different from mine," she said. "Would you like to know what my life is? My father is dead, and my mother married again while I was a child! My stepfather has never been kind to me; he grudged me the clothes I wore and the food I ate; but my mother was determined that I should be a teacher, and I got a scholarship from the school she sent me to. Oh! such hard times we had! And then, a year ago, when I had passed all my examinations and thought I was going to be a help to her at last, she was taken ill and died, and my stepfather says he never wants me to darken his door again, and I am all alone in the world, with no place to call home. And when I came here, and saw how loving you were to your mother, and how hard you worked for them all, and how everyone looked up to you, it made this house seem like a peaceful harbour when I'd been beating about in a stormy sea, and oh! how I wished that you didn't despise me so, and think it such a terrible nuisance to have me here!"

He was close to her now, his strong arm round her, his hand holding hers in an eager grasp, a wave of tenderness swelling through his heart.

"But could you really be happy here—in this cold, desolate place?" he said.

She looked up at him with the bright glance that he had learned to love so dearly.

"It is not always winter in Glen Cruach,

I suppose?" she said. "I have always longed for the moors and the mountains, and I shall love to feel that they are my home. And as for being desolate, it will be such a happiness to me to help the boys with their lessons and to be about with your mother, for there is something in her sweet look and way that makes me feel as if I had my own mother again."

"And where do I come in?" asked Angus jealously.

She gave him the answer to that with her arms about his neck and her lips on his.

It was at tea that evening that Cecil had what she always maintained was the greatest triumph of her life.

"You must make the most of your lessons, boys," said Angus with admirable gravity. "Only three weeks more and your teacher's going away."

"Gae'n awa'!" exclaimed Sandy. "An' me just learned to like her!"

His jaw dropped and his eyes stared in consternation, but Angus had no mercy on him.

"Yes, and what's more, she's never coming back!" he said.

Poor Sandy's eyes filled with tears.

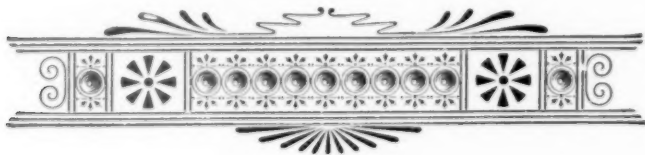
"Oh! ye fause lassie; an' ye said ye'd forgiven me!" he cried.

But Cecil could bear no more, and leaning over from her chair, she drew the boy close to her.

"I have nothing to forgive you for," she said. "If you had not hurt me, I don't think that Angus would ever have told me that he loved me!"

"But if he loves ye, what for does he no let ye come back?" said Sandy, but half consoled.

"I am coming back," she said, "and you will be my brother then, for it is Angus' wife that is coming, and not the teacher of Glen Cruach!"



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"I want to talk to you about Sandy," he said, following her into the sitting-room and shutting the door behind him. "I

you're stronger than I am, for all I've thought such a lot of myself, and there'll never be anyone else in all the world so dear to me as you are!"

It was out now, and in a fierce tumult of feeling he waited for the answer, but the answer was long in coming, and his heart began to fail him.

"You needn't tell me," he said. "I know it's no good; you're used to a different life from this, and how should you put up with our rough ways? One might as

heard his story last night, and it made me feel worse than I can say. Little rascal——"

But here she interposed.

"Please don't punish him," she said; "I hope that I shall have no more trouble with him, and a bruise is a small price to pay for such a result as that."

"No, it is not a small price," he said, as he glanced at the swollen wrist. "I feel as if I could never hold up my head again! That such a thing should have happened to you under my roof—no wonder you will be thankful when the time is up, and you can get away! We have managed to make you pretty miserable among us!"

Her lip trembled, but she did not speak, and he came a step nearer to her.

"I have made myself miserable too," he said. "I don't know how it is nor what it means, but I've never had an easy moment since you came into the house. I tried to make myself think that it was all annoyance at your being so different to what I'd expected, but I found out what it really was last night when I knew how you'd been treated and how brave you'd been—

THE TEACHER OF GLEN CRUACH

well take a flower out of a greenhouse and plant it out in the middle of the moor to wither in the snow and wind!"

He turned to go, but a word from Cecil stopped him.

"Angus!" she said; and though the whisper was so low that he could hardly hear it, it brought him back to her side.

"You were quite right when you said that your life is different from mine," she said. "Would you like to know what my life is? My father is dead, and my mother married again while I was a child! My step-father has never been kind to me; he grudged me the clothes I wore and the food I ate; but my mother was determined that I should be a teacher, and I got a scholarship from the school she sent me to. Oh! such hard times we had! And then, a year ago, when I had passed all my examinations and thought I was going to be a help to her at last, she was taken ill and died, and my stepfather says he never wants me to darken his door again, and I am all alone in the world, with no place to call home. And when I came here, and saw how loving you were to your mother, and how hard you worked for them all, and how everyone looked up to you, it made this house seem like a peaceful harbour when I'd been beating about in a stormy sea, and oh! how I wished that you didn't despise me so, and think it such a terrible nuisance to have me here!"

He was close to her now, his strong arm round her, his hand holding hers in an eager grasp, a wave of tenderness swelling through his heart.

"But could you really be happy here—in this cold, desolate place?" he said.

She looked up at him with the bright glance that he had learned to love so dearly.

"It is not always winter in Glen Cruach,

I suppose?" she said. "I have always longed for the moors and the mountains, and I shall love to feel that they are my home. And as for being desolate, it will be such a happiness to me to help the boys with their lessons and to be about with your mother, for there is something in her sweet look and way that makes me feel as if I had my own mother again."

"And where do I come in?" asked Angus jealously.

She gave him the answer to that with her arms about his neck and her lips on his.

It was at tea that evening that Cecil had what she always maintained was the greatest triumph of her life.

"You must make the most of your lessons, boys," said Angus with admirable gravity. "Only three weeks more and your teacher's going away."

"Gaen awa'!" exclaimed Sandy. "An' me just learned to like her!"

His jaw dropped and his eyes stared in consternation, but Angus had no mercy on him.

"Yes, and what's more, she's never coming back!" he said.

Poor Sandy's eyes filled with tears.

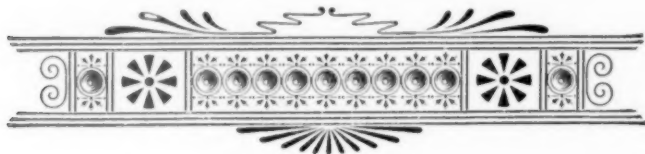
"Oh! ye fause lassie; an' ye said ye'd forgiven me!" he cried.

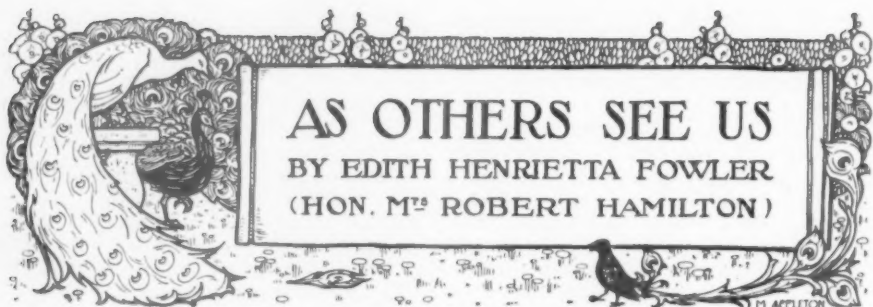
But Cecil could bear no more, and leaning over from her chair, she drew the boy close to her.

"I have nothing to forgive you for," she said. "If you had not hurt me, I don't think that Angus would ever have told me that he loved me!"

"But if he loves ye, what for does he no let ye come back?" said Sandy, but half consoled.

"I am coming back," she said, "and you will be my brother then, for it is Angus' wife that is coming, and not the teacher of Glen Cruach!"





No. 1.—SHOP WINDOWS

AS we walk along the street, we look into the varied shop windows with interest or pleasure, surprise or indifference; and so, as we wander along the highway of life we are always looking into the windows of the people whom we pass by, and judging them from the goods they show us there. It is our only opportunity in countless cases of knowing anything about them, for we have neither time nor means to be continually going inside and reckoning our fellows at their true worth. How different these show-windows are, and yet how typical. There are just the ordinary ones which portray exactly what is to be sold within. The people who are exactly like themselves, and have to offer just what we should expect. They remind one of provision shops, where bacon is bacon, and cheese is cheese, without any possibility of garniture. Quite nice, and good, and necessary, and worthy; but we are not attracted inside, unless we are in need of bacon or cheese, and then the cook could buy it just as well, and we usually send her in our stead.

The Best Goods in the Window

Some people put all their best goods into the window, and are bright and charming and essentially pleasant, though there is not much beyond what one sees; indeed, very little stock even of what one does see. But these windows flare cheerily on the way, and as we have not time for going inside they are quite satisfactory as they are for *what* they are. Pleasant acquaintances line our way and we owe them many a cheerful half-hour, even though we know

that they would never be worth the cost of a true friendship.

Then there are certain windows which seem too grand to show any of their goods at all. A fern in a pot, or a piece of lace against a velvet curtain, indicate that the prestige of the establishment is too great to need any advertisement at all. We have often met people of the same kind. What is in the window is just the bare civility, but they are much too reserved and wrapped up in a stately pride to display any of their real stock-in-trade. Some could not, even if they would; like the dressmaker who only works for special people, and such work is too private to be shown to the passer-by. The reserved people who deeply care, yet never tell, who serve with all their power yet never show it. Such windows are apt to be a little dull to those outside. They do not do justice to the world, though the customers within are never disappointed.

Sixpenny-Halfpenny Shops

The very opposite to these are the sixpenny-halfpenny shops. Such a wonderful conglomeration of material in the window, and nothing worth more than sixpence-halfpenny! Whatever the subject, and such people are equally bold in dealing with all, their opinion and treatment are essentially cheap. It is a wonder sometimes that big subjects can be dealt with so cheaply, just as it is a wonder that a large tea-tray can be purchased for the same sixpence-halfpenny which would buy the little milk jug next to it. I

AS OTHERS SEE US

remember once discussing with a good lady that wonderful feeling which is born of certain pageants which thrill our very souls. A regiment setting out for the front, the dash of a fire-engine rushing to the place of danger, the sound of children's voices in the lilt of some familiar hymn, the sight of royalty at the head of a procession, or the eager restlessness of a mighty crowd. Who has not felt the quiver of the face, the hot start of joyful tears, at some such scene? But my friend felt puzzled for a moment, and then she cheerfully inquired whether one could feel it for "burnt almonds," as she helped herself to some. Sixpence-halfpenny was stamped on every one of her goods. Nothing she possessed was worth more, and a great deal considerably less. There is something a bit sad in the sixpenny-halfpenny windows, and it is but a sordid soul who can show us nothing better of his stock in trade. He probably has nothing better within. Then is he indeed to be blamed as well as pitied. It is bad enough to pander to a cheap and common taste, to give our fellows always what is shoddy, even if they ask nothing better, but it is worse to so clog one's soul with what is petty and poor, and mean, that there is no room left for finer ware, and the individual at last becomes stamped with the same fatal price, and is worth but sixpence-halfpenny in the great mart of life.

But, after all, the majority of shop windows are none of these. We see countless ones decked out with beautiful goods both small and great, which yet indicate how much more there is inside; and these are the windows by which we

linger, these are the shops which we really must enter, because we know that we shall find therein our money's-worth. The world is happily full of such people, who have much with which to attract us in their gracious personalities, their charm of manner and many other samples of better and higher goods within. We are attracted to them by what they show outsiders of themselves, and then, as we stand and look, we know that there is something inside which would enrich our lives if only we could have a portion for our own. We go within and there we find, and make our own, a friend.

The Colour of Personality

There is a very pretty fashion nowadays of filling each window with one scheme of colour — many different wares, but all blending in one harmony of tone. And in people, too, especially attractive people, we see the same thing. Their personality colours all they possess. Whatever goods the true gentlewoman has to show, they are all blended in the colour of good breeding. To find her guilty of bad taste or vulgarity would be as impossible as to discover a jarring colour in one of those artistic windows, which we always stop to admire. Or again the people who are instinct with that delightful quality of perfect naturalness and absence of affectation or pretence; all their goods are shaded in that colouring, and you find the same tone, whether in the richest robe of their soul's adornment, or in the cheapest little ribbon of simple civility.

But though we have been mainly considering the windows we look into, we must also



MRS. ROBERT HAMILTON, WITH HER CHILDREN.

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remember that we are responsible for a window of our own. We owe it to the world outside to make it beautiful; we owe it to ourselves to lay up such a stock-in-trade as to prove us worth all and more than all that window indicates. It takes much time and trouble to dress these windows, and we shall neither be popular nor appreciated unless we give much thought and care to their adornment. To only show what is good of its kind, and to set our faces against the hideous attempts to deceive the onlooker, which shoddy of material and shoddy of character are for ever trying to do. The shoddy of pretending to be what you are not, such as speaking of people by their Christian names with whom you have the barest acquaintance; for social shoddy is perhaps the most commonly displayed of all. To show what our fellows want to see, and

what will please them, without considering the minimum amount of such stuff that we are bound not to keep only for ourselves. Not to be shy of showing a bit of our best for those who look for it, and not to grudge the trouble of bringing our whole stock into harmony with what our finest taste and sense of beauty dictate. It is such a waste to see an ugly or empty window, and yet to know that there are real goods inside. Of course it is much easier for some goods to look effective in the window than others, but no one will ever be truly attractive unless it costs them something to be so. And perhaps the colouring which looks more beautiful than any other in this grey, working-day world of ours, and pleases our fellows most, is that of sympathy. Let us therefore lay in a stock of sympathy and colour our whole shop window therewith.

Other articles in this series will appear from time to time, the next dealing with "A Sense of Humour."



SAY NOT!

SAY not, my soul, that life is disappointing,
That youth's fresh visions were but things unreal,
For kingship surely follows God's anointing,
And humble service still is God's ideal.

Say not, my soul, that life has been a burden,
That sorrows press upon thee more and more;
The Peace of God may still be sorrow's guerdon,
As loved ones lost still open Heaven's door.

Say not, O soul, thy skies are grey above thee,
That Spring's sweet songs are turned to Autumn's wail,
For now, as then, there's still a God to love thee,
And Heaven's success for those who nobly fail.

A B. COOPER.

The Softening of Windlestrae

By GRAHAM BROWN

WINDLESTRAE is the name of a farm, and in that bleak upperland of Malmshire each farmer is known by the name of the farm he leases. So that Windlestrae is really a man.

Caleb Grobler was his civilised name, and his wife was called Marion, shortened to "Mir'n." Agnes was the name of their only child. She was sometimes known as "Windlestrae's lassie."

Windlestrae's lassie brought joy into the little home when she was born as one out of due time, but tragedy descended when she was forced to leave on that wild night of storm. And in between the coming and going lay twenty years and—a man.

Before the man came, Agnes was content with the limitless expanse of undulating grey moor and purple heather uplands, with the melancholy curlews and the querulous pee-wits. And then the great, strapping Scotchman came and—that was the end for Agnes.

Mir'n was cowering by the kitchen fire when Windlestrae came home that night, and Agnes, white-faced and faint, was standing by her side. Round her eyes were dark rings of weeping. The master of the farm laid the harness he was carrying on the floor, and shook the rain from his shaggy, grizzled beard. His face was even more ruggedly stern than usual, and Mir'n, looking up, wondered how she would break the terrible news.

The man spoke at last, and his big, gruff voice was bigger and gruffer than ever.

"I don't know what the church is coming to. I am more certain than ever that the new minister we have called is an emissary of the Evil One rather than a servant of the Lord."

Mir'n knew not what to answer, and her husband went on, too angry to dry his dripping beard. "It is heart-breaking! A handful of the Lord's faithful ones try by prayer and sacrifice to keep aloft His banner in this place in the midst of a sinful and perverse generation, and now the minister himself gives the fort into the hands of the enemy! Not content with introducing profane hymns into the solemn service of the

Sanctuary, he must needs exhibit his thin shanks in shameful knickerbockers, and in view of all the people carry a bag of golf sticks through the village!"

"Oh! I knew what it would be when he came amongst us," he continued. "Ichabod! Ichabod! is written across our little church. We are held up to the derision of the enemy. We have come to our Kadesh-barnea, and unless some one intercedes with the Lord, we shall have thirty-and-eight years wandering in the wilderness."

Windlestrae was an austere man. His religion was repellent to nearly all who knew him. He was not liked, though in the session of the little Presbyterian Church, which a bygone race of zealots had planted as a protest against the Erastianism of the Church as by law established, he was feared.

Some people behind his back called him a Pharisee, and in a measure the epithet was deserved. He had never done anybody a wrong; he had never forgiven a wrong done to him.

It had been a sad day for him when, against his advice, the congregation had called the Rev. Reginald Poole. The very name was secular, and Windlestrae felt that he only was left to keep alive the altar fire of the Lord of Hosts.

No one could possibly love Windlestrae; no one could help loving his wife Mir'n. She was a saint. Windlestrae himself was the only one who had not the faith to see the nimbus round her brow. Of course he was ready to admit that she had done fairly well as a wife and mother—but it was only her duty after all was said and done.

Mir'n waited till her husband had ended his prophetic words, then with delicate tact she succeeded in soothing him, though he still growled out, between the sups of his porridge, his anathemas upon the minister who had the brazen effrontery to discard black broad-cloth for a Norfolk suit of secular pattern, and play golf within twenty-four hours after proclaiming the glorious Gospel.

When supper was drawing to a close Mir'n knew that the moment had come

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when she must tell of the great sorrow that had descended on the house of Windlestrae. Her own tender heart was aching with the agony of it all, yet with a despairing courage she determined that she would shield her lassie. She prayed. There never was a moment in Mir'n's life when prayer was meaningless, valueless.

Agnes, watching her, read the message in her eye and tottered into the "room." Windlestrae sat down on one of the hard chairs.

The girl, listening from the sanctuary of the bedroom, heard the low, pleading tones of her mother, and once or twice a sharp, gasping word from her father. Then it seemed to her as if Windlestrae was praying, and great hope sprang up in her heart. Fearfully she peeped round the corner of the door. Her father was on his knees on the hard, cold stone, his hands uplifted to the ceiling. Her mother, with a hand pressed to her heart, was standing by his side. She could hear some of the words—"my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave," and, blinded with tears of shame and great sorrow, she crept over to the bed and knelt. She could not pray. Her heart was numb, dumb, dead within her.

"Agnes Grobler, come to me!"

As if the loud words had been a lash, she sprang to her feet. In that moment she breathed a name—the man's name—and felt strengthened. Poor Agnes Grobler!

"Agnes Grobler, come to me at once!"

As one who awakens from a trance she found herself standing on the kitchen floor, and her father's shaggy face struck terror to her soul.

"Agnes Grobler, listen to my last words," began Windlestrae, and the girl looked searchingly into those grey eyes for one softening look.

"Oh, Caleb," interrupted Mir'n, "will you not—?"

"Silence, woman," thundered the man; "will you too join hands with the daughters of Pehal? Will you tempt me from my bounden duty?" He turned to his daughter cowering before him. "Agnes Grobler," he said, "thy sin is upon thine own head. From this hour thou art no daughter of mine. In my calamity I praise the Lord that He has given me strength to do my duty. Never will daughter of mine, however loved, sleep under the same roof-tree

as her father after this—this black-burning disgrace."

And the tender-hearted mother winced at the word, which savoured to her of blasphemy.

"Father, oh, father——" wailed the girl, lifting a dreary face to him; "have mercy!"

"Call me not 'father' again. I am no father of thine, and thou art no daughter of mine from this night forth. Go to him that brought thee to this shameful pit, and left thee in the mire."

"But he hasn't left me," Agnes Grobler was stung to reply.

"Silence! Would you glory in your shame?"

"All right, father, I'm going," the girl answered bravely, "but remember——"

"Don't argue with me, woman," her father interrupted angrily; "am I a weak-kneed woman that you would turn me from my duty? I am doing His will. Has God not told me in prayer my plain duty?"

"I wonder if God, whose name you take so lightly——"

"Oh, whisht! Aggie," broke in her mother, startled at the demeanour of the girl.

"But I'll not whisht, mother," she said. "I'm going, aye, and I'll go to Donald, for he loves me, and I love him."

"You bold, brazen hussy," roared her father, "would you mention his name in my hearing?" and he lifted his arm as if to strike the grief-demented girl.

"Don't cry, mother," and her voice was soft again; "I have sinned, and I must bear it. Don't forget your Nan" and with a firm, quick step, she went to the door.

The click of the latch roused Mir'n. "Oh, Aggie, Aggie," she wailed, and opened the door.

A gust of wind blew the stinging pavelins of rain in her face as she stood peering out into the night. "Aggie, Nan," she cried, and again more softly, "Nannie."

But there was no answering word, and Mir'n Grobler staggered into the kitchen again.

"I'm going to bed now, Caleb," was all she said as she passed Windlestrae, who was seated at the table.

The man moved when he heard the soft shutting of the bedroom door. He looked around. On his face there were the marks of a great agony.

"Oh God, Thou Almighty One, give me



... But he hasn't left me.' Agnes Grobler was stung to reply."

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strength," he muttered—"strength to do that which Thou hast laid to my hand."

He took down the great Family Bible and turned to the written page—the record of births and deaths for a hundred years bygone. The last name on the sheet was "Agnes Marion Grobler." With his pen-knife he cut across the sheet above the name, and held the portion in his hand.

"Must I? Oh, Almighty God!" he groaned, and, as if impelled by inexorable law, he walked over to the fire and watched the bit of sacred paper on which was written the name of his daughter burst into flame. He continued looking till the last chasing spark had died out in the blackened ashes, then, with a cry, he sank all along the cold stone floor.

II

AFTER the going of Agnes everything seemed to go wrong at the farm. The crops failed; the cows died. It was as if all spirit and animation had gone out of the place.

Oh, how Windlestrae prayed in secret places. Night and morning and at noon, the cry of agony went up from a lonely man. And ever the burden of his prayer was, not that his heart might be softened, but that he might have strength given him to carry out his plain and bounden duty.

He grew years older in a summer, and a stoop came into his back. In spite of all his prayers there gradually entered into his life a new, strange softness that in earlier years he would have ascribed to the enemy of souls. But it was the answer to Mir'n's prayers, and he knew it not.

However, the name of Agnes was never uttered in the silent house, and Mir'n, more often than not, laid her cheek on a tear-moist pillow.

Very gradually at first the darkness fell. Every bit of work on the farm had now to be done by hired hands, and hired hands are difficult to pay. So before Windlestrae had quite lost the last of his hard-won savings, he gave up the farm and settled in a little cottage in the village near to that stronghold of Zion, the Presbyterian Church.

For a whole summer he sat at his cottage door, straining his eyes to the distant horizon, but all was an indefinite blur in his sight. And every succeeding week deepened the darkness that was settling down upon him.

He had listened, unmoved at first, to the grave words of old Dr. Bonthron, and tried innumerable spectacles; but now he was realising that the light within was flickering to the going out. He trembled at the thought of the long night that was coming.

Mir'n did not seem much changed in appearance, but she knew that the going of Agnes was the beginning of the end for her. She was not frightened when her heart, more and more frequently, beat with that curious, uneven beat that seemed to choke her; she was even glad that the end was coming in such a way that Windlestrae saw nothing of it.

It was a warm, Sabbath forenoon. The village street was deserted. Windlestrae was at the church listening, with a wistfulness that was pathetic, to the words of the golf-playing minister with the secular name. He never missed his morning worship, though more often than not Mir'n bided at home.

She was preparing the dinner when a gentle tap at the door fell upon her ear, and she went to open it. A young woman was standing on the door-stone. One glance was enough.

"Oh, Aggie! Come in, come in, my darling."

Mrs. Grobler closed the door, and in that little kitchen, after the passing of years, Agnes Grobler once more found her head on her mother's breast.

Mir'n had heard, indirectly, snatches of her daughter's history during these five long years, but now she was eager to hear from the girl's own lips how it had fared with her.

She held her at arm's length. "Tell me how you have been," she said; "you look white and ill, and——" She noticed for the first time that the girl was dressed entirely in black. "What does it mean, Nannie? Is it Donald, or the little baby, or——"

Agnes gave a sob and once more buried her head on Mir'n's neck. "It's Donald, mother," she whispered brokenly; "last week. Oh! it's terrible to be left alone!"

"Donald?"

"Yes, but oh, he was brave. He tried to save a little boy, and the motor ran over him, and he was—he was——"

"Killed?"

"Ss! We didn't think there was much wrong for a week. Oh, Donald was a kind husband to me, mother."

"My poor Nannie."

THE SOFTENING OF WINDLESTRAE

Mir'n in silence stroked the hair of the sobbing girl.

"His dying wish was that I should come and see you and father once more, and try—and try— Do you think father will think I've suffered enough now, mother?"

"Oh, Nan," answered Mir'n, "he must, he must."

"And you'll try, mother? Just the day he died Donald wrote a letter to father. It's such a beautiful letter. It'll perhaps make him take me back again," and she held out a creased envelope.

Mir'n read the solemn words, and as she read the tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Nan," she said, "he was a good man, or he couldn't have written that."

"The best man in all the world, mother."

As they talked the time for the coming-out of the church folk drew near, and Agnes was quick to see the uneasy look on Mir'n's face.

"I'll go now, mother, before father comes in. We are staying—that's little Caleb and I—with Mrs. Morris over at Shieldhill. Will you write?"

"Yes, Nan, I'll promise that you'll get a letter from me in the morning."

"And I'll be ready to come. I'll bring little Caleb too."

"And let us pray that the Lord will soften his heart," said Mir'n softly, as if speaking to herself.

"Do you not think I have suffered enough now?" the girl asked plaintively, as she tore herself away from that last embrace.

"Yes, yes, darling, and more than enough," and with the kind words echoing in the empty chambers of her soul, Agnes Grobler, like a guilty thing, slunk along the deserted street.

That night, before supper, Mir'n prepared for her task of softening Windlestrae; indeed, by prayer, she had been preparing all the day.

The old man was seated at the table, and the big Family Bible was open before him—that Bible that contained no reference to the coming into the world of his only child. He was peering at the large print through a magnifying glass.

"Shall I read a little to you, Caleb?" said Mir'n.

"Yes, wife, if you have time. I can hardly see the biggest print now. But I must not complain. It is the will of Almighty God."

Mir'n sat down by her husband's side. "Were you reading here?" and she pointed to the open page.

"Yes, Mir'n, read on."

And this is what she read: "'But the father said, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him . . . for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.'"

"A wonderful chapter, Mir'n, a wonderful chapter!"

"Yes, Caleb," answered his wife; "what would you do if our girl came back?"

The old man sat up stiffly. "Did not I charge you never to mention her name in this house? Why will you tempt me, woman?" But his voice had lost its hardness, and the words were almost pleadingly spoken.

"Caleb," persisted Mir'n, "Donald's dead."

"And what is that to me, woman?"

Windlestrae sat staring stonily in front of him. Something within bade him thunder out a command to his wife to hold her tongue, but somehow he could not utter the words.

"And Nan is left alone—all alone with the little one, our only grandchild, Caleb."

At the mention of the child the old man's face grew stern as flint again. "Why will you tempt me?" he cried as if in mortal pain; "is it not hard enough to perform the will of God, but you must—"

"And before Donald died he wrote you a letter," and Mir'n held out the envelope. She was fighting desperately.

"I will not look at it, Mir'n. I *must* not look at it."

"Read it, Caleb."

"Woman, I have made a great vow, and I will be true to it till my latest breath."

"Then, Caleb, I'm going to read it," and there was something in the woman's voice that checked his answer.

Mir'n adjusted her spectacles and read: "'I am dying. When a man is face to face with death he speaks the truth and lies not. I have tried to make amends for the great wrong I have done you and yours. By God's infinite grace I would fain hope that I have succeeded. I know that He has forgiven me, and drawn me to Himself. But I'm thinking of Aggie and the little one. I shall be gone to my last account when this reaches you. Receive my request as from

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the grave. For the sake of Jesus, Who is our common Saviour, receive my sweet wife and your daughter. Our cup of punishment has been drained to the dregs. I solemnly charge you that you refuse not this, my last request."

When Mir'n had finished reading, she looked searchingly into Windlestrae's face.

"I think I shall go out for a little walk, Mir'n," was all he said, and rose to his feet. It was as if his ears had been deaf to the moving appeal. All bareheaded as he was, he passed out into the open street.

Mir'n sat by the fire in an agony of suspense. The clock ticked wearily, and at her heart there was a curious, twitching pain. An hour passed—two hours. The whole village was now in the lap of sleep. An awful thought suddenly crashed into her brain and she reeled to the door.

"Caleb," she called softly, "where are you? Oh, my God! take me to him, Caleb!"

Some one was coming slowly along the road. She recognised the slow, unsteady step of her husband, and her heart danced for joy. It was indeed Windlestrae, returning out of the furnace of his agony. Mir'n followed him meekly into the kitchen and searched his face. Her heart sank as lead within her. The old, fierce look was there.

Donald's letter was lying on the open Bible. Without a word he lifted it and walked to the fire. The letter lay for a moment on the glowing coals, blackened, and burst into flame. Then Windlestrae turned his face to his wife.

"Mir'n," he said in the old, firm voice, "you have caused me to suffer beyond my telling. For a moment I faltered, but the Lord of Hosts, to Whom I cried, heard me, and has given His servant the victory. *Never mention Agnes Grobler's name to me again!*"

Mir'n sank into a chair. Her head fell forward with a jerk on her breast. Windlestrae, without another word, passed into the inner room, and the door was shut.

When Mir'n opened her eyes again, daylight was streaming in at the kitchen window. The hands of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes past three. She felt curiously faint. Suddenly the whole moving tragedy rushed back to her memory like a fiery flood. With a sob she turned her head to listen to a sound. From the inner room

came the low, rhythmical sound she knew so well. It was Windlestrae at prayer.

"And I promised to write to Nannie. She's waiting my answer," groaned Mir'n. "Oh, how can I write it!"

She got pen and paper, staggering ominously as she walked across the floor. Mir'n was a slow, laborious writer as a rule, but now it seemed as if her hand were guided, and she wrote swiftly.

She began to read what she had written. The words swam before her vision. She seemed to see the face of her Aggie looking up at her, and the vision brought a smile to her wrinkled face.

"Yes, Nan, dear, I'm coming in the morning," she whispered, and her head fell forward on her breast.

An hour afterwards Windlestrae was forced to yield so far as to look into the kitchen. He saw Mir'n with her arms extended and her head bowed over the table. The lamp was burning garishly.

"Why are you sleeping there, Mir'n?" he said in his old, harsh voice. "Mir'n!"

Something in the pose of the woman sent a chill to his heart. "Mir'n," he laid his hand on her shoulder and gently shook her. "Mir'n, why don't you speak?"

When a neighbour came in in the early morning, she found Windlestrae rocking himself on the floor, stroking a white, cold brow on his knee, and saying, "Mir'n, if you will only speak, I'll bring our Agnes home—I'll bring our Agnes home, *though I break my vows to the Lord.*"

And the letter for which a pale woman waited through these slow, tortured hours was never sent.

III

AGNES GROBLER stood at the cottage door. It was noon, and the letter had not come. She looked down the dusty road, that stretched eastward like a narrow, grey tape, if haply she might spy the bearer of a message from afar. She could see the blue smoke of the village curl upward in the still air. A nameless fear was gripping her heart. Little Caleb was chasing a butterfly. The pathos of it all brought the tears to her eyes.

At last in the far distance she saw a black figure hurrying in her direction. She waited breathlessly. As the man drew near she recognised the minister of the Presby-

THE SOFTENING OF WINDLESTRAE

terian Church—the man whose very name her father loathed. Had her mother commissioned him to be the bearer of the message? Ah! that he might comfort her in her grief. He was the bearer of evil tidings.

She could see his face now. The features were drawn and sad, and full of anxiety.

"I want you to prepare yourself for bad news."

"Oh, I know what it is; my father will not see me!"

"He will see you, Agnes, but—but——"

"Then it is good news," and the girl smiled radiantly.



"She knelt by the bed. 'Oh, mother, mother!'"—p. 74.

Now she had no doubt as to the nature of his message. She drew little Caleb to her as if the presence of the child would take the cutting edge from the agony that was coming.

"Ah, I think you are Agnes Grobler?"

"Have you come from mother?"

"Yes." He led her away from the windows and took hold of her arm.

"Your mother is ill, Agnes."

"Mother?"

"Yes, ill, very ill. You must come to the house at once."

"Oh, mother, mother! Caleb, quick, perhaps she is dead," and snatching up the child, she ran towards home.

Breathless and dizzy, she reached the

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cottage door and lifted the latch. Windlestrae was bowed over the bed's head. Her mother was lying under the white coverlet.

"Oh, mother, mother!" and she knelt by the bed. The old man heard the voice and shivered.

Mir'n opened her eyes. A great joy was shining in their depths.

"Nannie."

Windlestrae heard the word—the first word Mir'n had uttered since he had found her bowed over the table in the early morning.

"Nannie, come to me—dear."

The girl placed the arm of her mother round her neck, and pressed a cheek against the brow.

"Caleb."

The old man caught the whispered word. The look in his wife's eyes seemed to compel obedience, and he knelt beside his daughter.

Mir'n lifted his big hand and placed it on the girl's head. At the touch, with a cry of agony which seemed to tear his very soul, he threw his arms around his daughter.

"Thank God," he heard the sick woman say.

But Windlestrae's softening was not complete.

* * * * *

A week later the minister came to the cottage at the request of Windlestrae. Mir'n was sitting at the fireside, and Nannie was at her feet.

Windlestrae looked very solemn.

"Will you read the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Luke?" he said, and the minister with the secular name read that deathless story. "'This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.'"

Windlestrae stood up. The hour of his humiliation had come.

"I have a confession to make," he said slowly, "and I would speak ere the Master calls me to my last account. I have sinned against you, my minister, in that I, a sinful man, took it upon me to judge another by my own standards. I have sinned against you, the wife of my life, in that I caused sorrow through my stubborn will. I have sinned against you, my dear daughter Agnes, in that I drove thee from hearth and home. I have sinned against the Lord, in that while He forgave the penitent, I stubbornly refused to forgive."

His voice grew tremulous and wailing: "I have sinned! I have sinned! An old man, weary and bowed with years, asks forgiveness. He seeks it earnestly and with tears." And he sank on his knees.

Agnes Grobler had her arms round him in a moment. She kissed that rugged, haggard face. Mir'n knelt beside him. Her face was radiant, though the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"God bless you, Windlestrae," the minister said, and slipped noiselessly through the door.



FOR THE LITTLE ONES

ALL Hallows Eve, the time for fun and jollity, is not likely to be forgotten by any girl or boy, and "Norah's Hallowe'en Adventure," by Mona Maxwell, which appears in the November "Little Folks," is sure to be read with special interest by all. "Through the Maze," by Ralph Simmonds, and "Robin Hood's Welcome," by Escott Lynn, the author of "With Robin Hood in Sherwood," are two more exciting stories to be found in this number, as well as a most thrilling adventure of Edward the Teddy Bear with an invisible monster! An article by Bella Sidney Woolf, on "The Life of a Chocolate Cream," stories by Brenda Girvin and Ronald Campbell Macfie, and further instalments of the serials, make cheerful enough reading to brighten the dulllest of November days.



SOME COOKING HINTS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

"If someone would only invent a new animal!" This phrase, with its accompanying sigh, is constantly heard during the construction of the daily menu, especially from the lips of those housewives whose allowances do not permit of the variety obtainable from prime "cuts," poultry, game, etc. But there are no new animals, and in all likelihood never will be, so instead of wasting time pining for the unattainable, the practical housewife will devote her energies to a careful study of the many methods of preparing the materials at her disposal in order to lessen the culinary monotony which, alas, for those who have to endure it, reigns in many an otherwise well-organised household.

The methods of cooking meat and fish most frequently employed are baking (which has almost entirely superseded the old fashion of roasting in front of the fire), boiling and frying. These are all very well in their way, and, if properly carried out, attended with good results; but how often is the baked meat burnt on the surface and raw inside, the boiled joint hard and insipid, and the fried fish lacking in that delicious crispness which, when present, places the humble herring on a level with the most aristocratic fish that was ever taken out of the sea or river?

How to Bake Meat

It is probable that this method of cooking meat is so popular on account of its convenience to many persons who have but few facilities for obtaining a hot dinner, and this is unfortunate, inasmuch as it is both an

expensive and unprofitable way. Baking brings out all the worst features of a joint; if it is not of the best quality it is rendered hard and stringy, and the shrinkage is so apparent that it is not necessary to weigh the meat before and after cooking to ascertain how the joint has diminished during the baking process.

A great deal depends, of course, on the attention given to the management of the fire and oven. If an ordinary tin is used, the meat should be placed on a raised stand, for if baked in its own dripping it will be sodden and quite spoilt; but the best results are obtained with the use of a proper baking tin, i.e. one that is provided with an under tin for holding water, on the top of which is a tray on which the stand for the meat is placed. In one corner there is a hole through which the steam escapes.

The oven must be hot before the meat is placed in it, and the ventilator should be closed for the first five minutes in order that the outer surface of the meat will harden sufficiently to keep in the juices. The oven and shelves should be thoroughly washed every week; a "close" oven will ruin any joint, however good the meat.

Solid meats, such as rolled ribs, top-sides of beef, legs of mutton, etc., are allowed a quarter of an hour to the pound, and a quarter of an hour "for the oven." If the joint is lean it will be greatly improved by spreading the surface thickly with dripping and covering with kitchen paper until half an hour before it is done. It should be well basted every fifteen minutes.

White meats, such as veal and pork, are

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very dry unless a plenteous supply of dripping is given them. They require longer cooking than beef or mutton, twenty or even twenty-five minutes to the pound, and twenty minutes over. The oftener they are basted the more tender and luscious the meat.

"Boiled" Meat

The term "boiled" meat is somewhat confusing, for when once the water or stock has reached boiling point great care must be exercised that no higher temperature than simmering is maintained. Meat cooked in this manner must be thoroughly washed and tightly skewered into good shape before it is placed in cold water. The saucepan is then put on to a moderate fire, and the slower the contents are brought to the boil the better the result. Careful skimming is very necessary, but the saucepan lid must not otherwise be raised. To prevent a joint from adhering to the bottom of the pan it can be placed on a saucer or stand. The usual time allowance for "boiling" meat is half an hour to the pound for salt meat, and ten minutes less for fresh.

Frying

"How can one tell when the fat boils?" is a question which is often asked by the inexperienced cook. There are two infallible tests, and, if one is not convincing, both may be used.

Fat boils when a blue smoke is seen to rise from the surface. This is easily detected when one stoops down and looks *along* the surface of the fat. The other test is to drop a small piece of bread into the fat, and if it *at once* turns golden-brown the fat is boiling. The surface of boiling fat is level and still, not covered with bubbles as is boiling water. Any liquid, such as moisture in the pan before the fat was put in, or a drop of gravy in the dripping, will cause the fat to splutter and bubble, and this is often mistaken for boiling. For this reason it is very necessary that fish or meat to be fried should be thoroughly dried before it is put in the boiling fat.

There are two reasons why frying is so often a failure. First, because there is not sufficient boiling fat in the pan to completely cover what is to be fried; and, second, that having placed one cutlet or fillet in the pan,

enough time for the fat to re-boil is not allowed before the second and other pieces of meat or fish are added.

Many cooks say that sausages, plain chops, steaks, etc., will fry in their own fat, but they are infinitely better when dropped into a pan of boiling fat—as is also liver, the bacon being cooked in a tin in the oven or in a separate pan. There should be at least two frying pans in every kitchen, one for fish and the other for meat, both of substantial build. If omelets, fritters, pancakes, etc., are liked, another thinner one should be kept exclusively for cooking these dishes.

The Use of the Gridiron and Dutch Oven

These two culinary utensils have every reason to consider themselves sadly neglected by the ordinary cook, they are both such "friends in need," and can be relied upon to cook an appetising and wholesome meal in the shortest space of time. A chop or a steak cooked thus in front of the fire has a totally different taste from that fried in a pan. Fish, too, especially mackerel, herrings, whiting, etc., are delicious cooked in this simple manner, and there is no more delicate way of cooking bacon than toasting it in a Dutch oven.

The best kind of gridiron consists of two sets of wires held in a frame, and separated from each other at the bottom by a runner which catches the dripping from the meat. The food to be cooked is placed between the wires, which are then clipped together at the top, and the gridiron is hooked on to one of the front bars of the stove. The wires should be well rubbed with mutton suet before the meat is placed between them. It is not necessary to remove the meat from the gridiron in order that it may be equally cooked on both sides; the whole thing can be lifted off the bar, reversed, and re-hooked.

The Dutch oven can be either hooked on to the stove or stood in front of the fire. It is provided with small hooks on which the meat is hung, the idea being to toast it before the fire. Small birds, kidneys, and many kinds of fish are excellent cooked in this way; the result will be found far more appetising and palatable than would the same food be if fried or baked in the oven.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages. Letters should be addressed "Home Department," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

HOME NURSING

How to Train as an Amateur Nurse

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEY, M.B.

IT has often been said with considerable truth that many women's lives are filled with trivialities. Belonging to a class which does not require its women to work hard with their hands, to cook and wash and clean for the family, too many well-to-do women lack the incentive to acquire knowledge of any kind. A little sewing, a little reading of the lighter sort, a little dusting and shopping and visiting friends—these are the duties of a large number of girls of the better classes. But such work does not nearly fill their days, and many of the more energetic take up outside work and occupations even when they do not need to do so for a living. The chief argument against well-to-do young women competing in business or professional life is that it makes wage-earning harder for their poorer sisters. Also it is desirable that a large number of our girls should remain in the domestic sphere and concentrate their energies on the home. That, however, is no argument against good, solid, hard work. The home girl can fill up the years between the close of her schooldays and her marriage with healthy, strenuous work if she likes. She can plan her life so that her days are profitably spent in gradually acquiring sound practical knowledge of all branches of domestic work. No girl can be considered educated who has not a fair knowledge of cooking, housewifery, sick nursing, first aid work, child management. These five subjects are absolutely essential, whilst time can also be profitably spent in learning at least one foreign language thoroughly. It is so easy to fritter the days away. So impossible to recall the wasted years. Lack of work also is responsible for a great deal of ill health amongst women and girls. Indolence makes for poor health of mind and body. Interesting work increases the vitality, improves the digestion, stimulates the circulation, and adds to the joy of living.

It is with the idea of encouraging girls of leisure to study seriously a few subjects, a knowledge of which will prove useful to every woman, that we shall deal for the next few months with sick nursing,

first aid, and child management. Any woman, at any time, may be called upon to take up nursing in the home. A professional nurse is an expense which cannot be contemplated for the moment, or accommodation is too limited to provide room for a trained nurse in the house. The amateur nurse in nine cases out of ten is unsatisfactory, because she has no clear idea of what she ought to do, or how to do it if anyone tells her. She has not prepared for the emergency, has not tried to learn in time of leisure what would prove so valuable in time of stress and sickness in the home. Every girl should learn a few simple facts about sick nursing. She should know the sort of room most suitable for nursing a case of illness, should learn how to make a bed when a sick person is unable to move, how to wash and dress a patient, prepare a few invalid meals, make a poultice and a fomentation. One lesson in taking a temperature would suffice with any intelligent girl; a few facts about the giving of medicine and the care of the sick, learned thoroughly and earnestly, would go far towards making an amateur nurse of real use and value at any time.

A Sick Room

The amateur nurse who knows her business will always try to obtain a suitable room for her patient if she has a choice. She will choose a south-western exposure and avoid a north or easterly aspect, because sunshine, especially in the evening, is a tonic to the sick. She will regard ventilation as all important and keep the window open night and day, and the fireplace unblocked for the exit of impure air. The sick room must be scrupulously clean, and all superfluous articles should be banished to other quarters. In a long or serious illness it is better to remove the carpet; in infectious disease it is necessary to do so. A simple bed with firm hair mattress and warm and light bed clothing makes things easier for the nurse, and more comfortable for the patient, than the old-fashioned large bed with heavy clothing and unhygienic drapery.

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It should stand out from the wall to allow the fresh air to circulate round it, and the patient to be easily moved. No unnecessary furniture must be retained in the room—a table for medicine, a small table at the bedside, a chest of drawers for napery, a washstand, a couple of chairs, and a comfortable couch to which the patient can be moved in convalescence comprise all necessary sick-room furniture.

In nursing a sick case at home, even if it is not of an infectious nature, the amateur nurse should try to dress appropriately. A short washing dress and a large workman-like apron is the most suitable garb to wear. Jewellery, chiffons, and any unnecessary elaboration of dress are in bad taste and are quite out of place in the sick room.

Some Sick-Room Details

As the amateur nurse has to keep her patient warm and to provide plenty of fresh air without risk of chill, a few facts about temperature and ventilation ought to be studied and remembered. The temperature of the sick room may vary from 55° to 65° Fahr. Except in the hot weather a fire is necessary in a sick room to keep the temperature at about 60°, and also because it is such an effective agent in ventilation. Every sick room must have a thermometer as a guide for regulating the temperature, and it should be hung on the wall near the patient, but not too close to the fireplace or window. A liberal supply of fresh air is even more necessary in sickness than in health. The air of the room must be renewed and kept at a fair standard of purity, otherwise the atmosphere becomes gradually foul with carbonic acid and the organic poisons of respired air. If gas or lamps are burned in the sick room, the need of efficient ventilation is much greater than when the room is lighted by electricity.

The average bedroom may be said to measure about fourteen by eighteen feet, and if the room is eleven or twelve feet high the whole air must be changed once in every hour if the patient is to have sufficient oxygen for the needs of the body. In a room of, say, half this size or "cubic capacity," the air of the room would require to be changed once in every half-hour. In proper ventilation, of course, the air is continually being renewed without a perceptible draught. A draught is caused by

the speed at which air enters and the difference of temperature between the outside and inside atmosphere. The smaller the inlets for fresh air, the more rapidly the air enters. If air enters by narrow chinks round doorways and windows, the presence of "draught" is much more evident than when proper ventilating mechanism, however simple, is arranged. In ordinary cases the outlet for foul air is by the chimney, hence the need of having an open chimney in a sick room, and a fire which causes a stream of heated air to ascend and escape from the top of the chimney.

The best inlet for fresh air is by the window, which should be open at the top so that fresh air passes over the top of the room and gradually takes the place of the foul air. An excellent method of ventilating efficiently is to raise the bottom sash a few inches and fix in a narrow board the exact size of the space left by the raised sash. The air now enters between the two sashes, and the current of air is directed first upwards and then downwards. It is most important to remember that fresh air must be obtained day and night. The prejudice against night air is without foundation, and a sick person will have a more restful, soothing sleep if care is exercised as to proper ventilation at night.

The Nurse's Duties

The amateur nurse should avoid fussiness, cultivate a restful, quiet manner, and practise obedience in every detail. The hospital routine gradually develops these qualities in a trained nurse, although the personal equation must always count for something, and a first-class nurse has generally a fine personality.

The nurse is in charge of the patient, so that she is responsible for every detail affecting his comfort and welfare. She must attend to the invalid's food, see that it is properly cooked, daintily served, and served in small quantities. No food should ever be left in the sick room, and the tray must be removed at the conclusion of a meal. Every nurse should know how to make dainty milk puddings, beef tea, gruel, and prepare fish, fowl, and meat in a nourishing, appetising, and easily digested form.

Another duty of the nurse is to wash and dress the patient without unduly fatiguing or disturbing a person whose vitality is

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probably at a low ebb. The washing should be done in the morning, when, as a rule, the patient is at his best. Every care should be taken to prevent chill by washing quickly and uncovering only one part at a time.

All articles of dress and clean bedclothes must be well aired and, in cold weather, warmed before the fire. The upper sheet is placed on top of the bedclothes, which are then drawn out from below and the blankets and bedspread replaced on the bed over the clean sheet. To change the under sheet, place the patient at one side of the bed, roll the soiled sheet lengthwise until the roll lies against his back. Make a similar roll of the clean sheet, half of which can be now tucked in over the half of the bed from which the soiled sheet has been removed. Move the patient gently over the two rolls on to the clean sheet, draw away the soiled sheet, unroll the remainder of the clean sheet, and tuck it in place.

Now the nurse must learn how to take the temperature, make a fomentation, and a poultice. The temperature is 98.4° Fahr. in health. It is taken either in the mouth or in the armpit by a clinical thermometer. The mercury which fills the bulb and stem of the thermometer must be shaken down, by jerking the wrist, below normal before the thermometer is used. The armpit must be wiped with a clean towel, the bulb placed in position, the arm folded over the side, and the blankets tucked round the patient. The thermometer may be left in position three or four minutes and then examined. The upper end of the mercury indicates the temperature at the time. To take the temperature in the mouth the bulb is placed underneath the tongue, and the patient holds the lips firmly closed. It is necessary to wash the thermometer before and after use. The observation and time of taking the temperature should be written down for the doctor—not the patient or friends—to examine.

A Hot Fomentation

is made by pouring boiling water over flannel, which is then wrung out and applied to the patient. The flannel can be more easily wrung if it is placed on the centre of a long towel and the ends of the towel twisted in opposite directions. Half a teaspoonful of turpentine or of opium may be sprinkled over the hot flannel to help to ease the pain.

Fomentations are excellent for any pain, whether in the chest or the abdomen, but they must be frequently changed, because they rapidly cool.

Poultices are used to soothe pain, check inflammation, and relieve congestion.

Before making a poultice have everything in readiness—basin, boiling water, linseed meal, a piece of linen, flannel bag, knife and spoon. Pour boiling water into the basin, stir in the meal until it makes a firm mass which can be cut clean with a knife. Spread on the linen or muslin, making it about half an inch thick, and fold the ends of the linen over the poultice. Place in a flannel bag (about ten inches by eight inches is a useful size) which has a flap at the open end which can be stitched down. Carry the poultice between two hot plates to the patient's bedside.

After removing a poultice dry the skin and dust with boracic powder. Hot flannels, hot blankets, hot bottles or plates covered with flannel are useful for applying dry heat.

Convalescence

The management of a patient during convalescence often requires more care and tact than during the acute stage of the illness. In some illnesses, such as typhoid, an error in diet may cause a serious relapse; in rheumatic fever, a chill in convalescence will add two or three weeks to the duration of the illness; and in chest ailments, such as bronchitis, pleurisy, and pneumonia, carelessness during convalescence may be the starting-point of consumption.

The nurse, therefore, must guard against chill, and attend to the patient's diet and provide him with sufficient nourishing, well-cooked food to build up his strength and vitality. She must see that proper rest and sleep are obtained, and regulate visitors who bring variety and amusement to the patient, yet may excite and over-fatigue him if not restricted judiciously in number and duration of visit. She must do her best to keep her patient bright and cheerful, to make the tedious hours pass as happily as possible. Then, when she has safely nursed her patient to complete recovery, she will have gained a rare satisfaction and self-respect. She has done her work faithfully and capably, acquired experience, and helped to dissipate the popular prejudice against the amateur nurse in the home.



Our Christmas Number

FOR a longer time than I care to tell I have been thinking of, and planning our Christmas Number. This is now well on its way to completion, and I am looking forward to the verdict of my readers: meanwhile, I can give a few particulars of the features.

First of all I may say that I have tried to make the Christmas Number the brightest and most beautiful issue of the whole year: not only have I endeavoured to get the best stories and articles by the best writers, but the services of the finest illustrators have been engaged to make the Christmas QUIVER a delightful work of art. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting by G. Lawrence Bulleid, "There was no Room for them in the Inn." The first section of the magazine will be beautifully printed in colour on art paper, and will include a series of exquisite snow pictures under the title "The Coming of the Snow."

One of the finest of the articles is that by P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., on "Christmas in Merrie England." I have obtained the services of Wal Paget for illustrating this, and I think that you will agree that the result is truly delightful.

Some of the Stories

BUT of course, what you look for most in the Christmas Number is a good selection of stories. I have tried to get real Christmas stories—stories with the ring of the good old-fashioned merry Christmas in them. The magazine starts off with a story by our old favourite, Annie S. Swan, entitled "The Christmas Angel," and then we have a story by Kate Seaton under the title "Auntie's Idols." This is illustrated by Balliol Salmon. "The Old Cats' Christmas" is an amusing but pathetic story written by Beatrice Rosenthal, to which H. M. Brock, who illustrated "Miss Chantry's Charity" in this issue, has given some

characteristic pictures. We have a story of the old times in Scotland by Helen Wallace called "The Letter Killeth." Oswald Wildridge has given us another tale of the Dales under the title "A Bearer of Burdens," whilst E. G. Granger has given the story of a haunted castle in France under the title "Jean's Christmas Vigil."

"Esther's Hero"

I AM pleased to be able to announce that Evelyn Everett-Green has contributed the long complete story which is always a feature of the Christmas QUIVER. This is a love story in her most characteristic style and is entitled "Esther's Hero."

Some More Articles

DR. J. H. JOWETT, M.A., whose sermons and devotional writings have found their way into all parts of the world, has written a beautiful Christmas Message entitled "The Dayspring from on High." Mrs. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser in a short practical article deals with "The Evils of Christmas Shopping," an article which should be read by all who purchase Christmas presents. Under the title "A Christmas Letter for You," T. W. Wilkinson tells the wonderful story of how some 40,000 letters are despatched every year to unfortunate people in prisons, asylums, etc.

A Christmas Carol

SOME years ago music used to be a regular feature of THE QUIVER. I have several times been urged to revive this very helpful custom; I have so far consented as to include in our next issue a Christmas carol, specially written by Josiah Booth, the well-known organist and composer. "Watchman! Tell us of the Night," is a

SOME · CONTRIBUTORS · TO OUR · CHRISTMAS · NUMBER



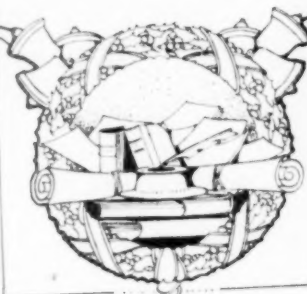
MRS. GEO. DE HORNE
VAIZEY.



(Photo: C. Fairclough.)
DR. ELIZABETH SLOAN
CHESSEY.



MISS HELEN WALLACE.



(Photo: Russell and Sons.)
ANNIE S. SWAN.



(Photo: H. S. Mendelsohn, Ltd.)
MR. JOSIAH BOOTH.



(Photo: Foxcroft Agency.)
REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D.

— F.R.C.D. —
— VERNON —

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simple but beautiful Christmas hymn. I should like readers to let me know what they think of it, and whether they would care for me to include an occasional musical contribution in our pages.



The Home Department

MRS. ST. CLAIR has prepared an informing paper on "Christmas Cakes" which I trust a large number of our women readers will find particularly useful. Mrs. St. Clair continues to receive numbers of letters on the subjects dealt with by her in the Home Department, and will be pleased to answer any inquiries on Christmas cooking. Another article of particular interest at this time of the year is that contributed by Priscilla Craven on "The Successful Hostess."



For the Young People

THE young people will find that they have not been forgotten. Margaret Batchelor has written a Christmas story for children entitled "Dickie the Dauntless." "Alison" has a special Christmas "Talk" to her Companions in the "How, When and Where Corner," the membership of which, by the way, I am pleased to hear, is growing larger every month, and is certainly not confined to young people under 21. The Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D., gives a bright little sermonette on "Santa Claus."



The Mission of the Dolls

STILL the letters come from the happy recipients of the dolls dressed by QUIVER readers. A short time back I received a delightful letter from the Lady Superintendent of the South Travancore Medical Mission, to whom twenty-four dolls were sent. She speaks of one poor little child in hospital to whom a doll was given; so weak was she that she could but faintly smile at the doll propped against her pillow. "The little wasted child hasn't the strength to lift her doll, but we often see it lying on the little thin arm, and the other tiny bird-like claw of a hand patting and mothering it, truly a most pathetic sight."

A boy of seven in hospital with Bright's disease was given a nice toy motor car, but clamoured in a voice trembling with weakness for one of THE QUIVER dolls. "As he was wearing a pink knitted vest I gave him a doll dressed in pink to match. I never before saw a native child take such real

delight in a doll. He eagerly clasped it, hugged and kissed it, and for days kept it huddled close to him under his blanket. By and by a little tiny mite of a baby sister arrived on the scene, and as soon as the mother was able, we had her moved to the bed next to the boy with the little baby's cot in between. I put the wee mite, who was also wearing a pink woollen vest, in beside the boy; its little wriggles and squirmings, and the feel of its soft little cheeks and fingers, soon won all the affection from the former precious doll—it was left to lie by itself away above his pillow. To-morrow they are all going home as happy as possible, with a baby sister, a doll, and a motor car, as new found treasures, found while ill in the hospital. These are some of the cases with us at the present moment, and something similar goes on the year round, so your workers will see what pleasure they give our little sufferers, and what joy it is to us to have our cupboards replenished from time to time so as to have them to give." I am sure those of my readers who desire the dolls will be pleased to hear of their mission in India.



"Love's Barrier"

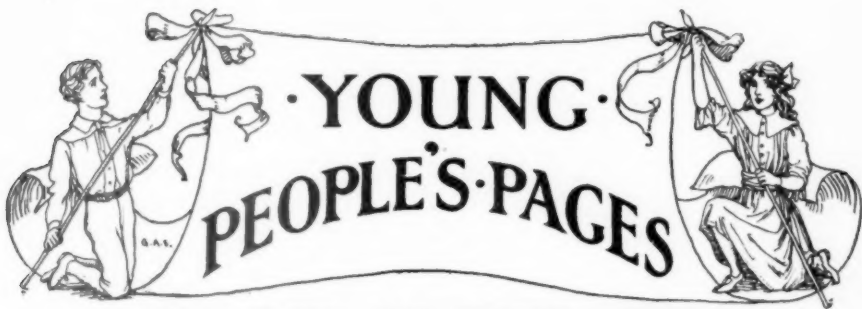
THOSE who read Annie S. Swan's story, "Love's Barrier," which ran through our last volume, will be pleased to know that it has just been published in book form by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Our readers may care to pass on this splendid story to their friends.



The League of Loving Hearts

MY space this month, I find, will not allow of a special appeal for the League of Loving Hearts. I have been concerned for some months past with the smallness of the contributions we are making towards the expenses of the ten Societies which the League was founded to help. I hoped this month to make a special appeal to old and new members so that we might bring up our year's fund at least to the sum contributed last year. Space will not allow of my making more than this passing reference. Shall the League suffer because of this? I appeal to my readers to prevent this, and send to me generous contributions if they can, but in any case the shilling which is the nominal subscription.

The Editor



HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

COMPANIONS MINE,

What do you think is the wish in my mind as I write? Why, just that I had the wonderful powers of a magician, and could flit round the world as silently and as rapidly as a wireless telegraph message. Then I would scamper off and visit you all, and see How and Where you all are at this particular moment. We would have a cosy chat together, in the pleasantest spot available. Probably I should find our working members very busy at their occupations; and I wish them "good luck" in the new session of work. No doubt I should find nearly all our schoolboys and girls longing for the near half-term holiday; the exceptions, I expect, would be those who are going in for the Matric. or another of those dreadful examinations that come about Christmas time. Oh! who doesn't sometimes long for magic transport?

This page is being written soon after my return from Part I. of my holiday, and I am eager to tell you that it has been a holiday richer in happiness than usual. And that because of the jolly letters some of you were good enough to send. They were forwarded to me, and I loved reading them in the evenings after long days in the open. I was staying then with an old friend who has lots of letters

from her sons and daughters who live across the seas, and she used to read me interesting parts from their epistles. And I was able to read her some things from your letters. She is keenly interested in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and was delighted about Violet Little.

During those days I received quite a number of foreign letters, and must tell you about some of them.

Two new Companions in Canada have to be welcomed. "I thought I would join your delightful Corner," writes *John Harris* (age 14), from Upper Canard, Nova Scotia. And his sister *Ada* (age 10) sends a similar note. Both have entered for the Puzzle Competition, of which the results will be announced later. I sincerely hope we shall have soon a group of Companions in this part of Eastern Canada.

If I had the magic power I wished for, after seeing Ada and John I should hurry off to Ontario and Manitoba and Saskatchewan Provinces to other Companions, and, *of course*, on the way go to Violet's new home, and tell her of the sweet kindness with which you are thinking of her, and working and planning for her help. Then the quickest way—for even a magician would have to be very quick to get in a call at every one of

SOME NEW FEATURES

Every month the Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D., is to write a Sunday Afternoon Talk.

Mrs. Townend starts in this issue a simple but complete course of Plain Needlework for Girls.

"Alison" continues her "How, When and Where Corner"—but with double the support, I hope!

I want these pages to appeal to all Young People—so please do not be afraid of joining because you are over seventeen.

THE EDITOR.

THE QUIVER

our Companions' homes within a reasonable time-limit—the quickest way would be to run down to Chicago, to call on *Alfreda St. Julian*, and from there— Oh, really, I'd better get an atlas—wait a moment. Now!

With the help of my wand I ought to manage a fast journey to Japan, to see the garden about which *Margaret Farbridge* writes. Perhaps I might even be in time to see the pincushions which she and her mother were generously planning to sell in Kobe, and to taste their English toffee, which was to be sold for our Fund.

Then heigh-ho for New Zealand! We are sending the Letter Prize there this month. Again it is won by a new Companion. Listen to part of her letter:

"I have read your pages each month in *THE QUIVER*," writes *Ivy Mary Slessor* (Christchurch), "but at first thought I would be too old to join. However, now I have read about Violet Little, I feel that I should like to have a finger in the pie. I turned twenty on the 8th June last, so am getting quite old, you see, and have been at work some years now. I am a typist, and like my work very much indeed. . . . You say you want suggestions as to how to raise the money to keep Violet. I wonder if you will think my way a very insignificant one? It is that each Companion should subscribe one shilling or a little more a year—that to be the minimum, which everyone could manage, but sending twice as much for a beginning, so as to make up the amount for Violet's passage. Then gradually, as more and more Companions joined, we might be able to keep two girls, and so on. I am sending a post-office order for 2s. 6d. as my share in a beginning, and am sorry I cannot send more.

"You talk about your spring flowers," *Ivy* continues, "and I wondered if you had any aconites in your garden. Mother comes from England, and talks about them as being the first little spring flowers, but has never seen any out here. I have two or three dozen snowdrops, and early as it is, they are coming up, and four buds are quite visible between the leaves; but I am sorry to say that I think only those four will flower. We have plenty of other spring flowers, but take special care of these snowdrops, as very few people have them. Wishing our scheme every success."

Isn't that a practical response to my request? I have not any aconites, but must try to grow some this coming spring.

While in New Zealand I should go to see *Nellie Gillanders* (Waiteti Valley), from whom recently I received a letter, saying that she lives—

"five miles from the nearest township, and the roads are awful. The mud reaches over the horses' knees when they go to Te Kuiti. A little boy who lives next to us rides to school every day, even although it pours 'cats and dogs,' as the saying is. He is only seven years old."

I should like to meet that boy, and hear his adventures—shouldn't you?

And naturally I should manage to alight at Bluff. *Muriel Lashley* sent me a copy of *The Break of Day*, a New Zealand magazine, containing a picture of "The Busy

Bees." They are Muriel and the little band of workers about whom I told you recently. In the letter that came by the same mail as the magazine, Muriel says she is going to "trade" with toffee and cakes for our Fund.

"Violet looks such a dear little girl, and I like your choice very much. If there are two or three Companions in one district," she suggests, "they might have a 'pleasant evening,' and all their friends who went pay a penny or threepence, and also give an item, and the result would be to help Violet."

The journey from New Zealand to Australia would only take me a very brief while, and I should have time to enjoy the sunshine and wide scenes in which our Companions there live. My holiday hostess went out to Melbourne when she was a little girl, and was there during the exciting days of the gold rush. She told me lots about her experiences which would interest you all, but particularly *Isabel Hale* and others who live in the country. That reminds me—I must report that Isabel is to be commended for her essay in the Foreign Section of the Garden Competition. *Margaret Farbridge* wins the prize.

Writes *Margaret*:—

"We have a very large garden, but it is quite unlike an English one. We cannot have a very nice garden because it is so near the sea and very much exposed to sun and wind. The earth is all stony sand, all right for pine trees, but not good for flowers or eatable things. Good soil had to be brought and put on top before any plants or trees were planted. We have several kinds of fir trees, pine, maple, pomegranates, a pretty willow, and some very small ones, which the Japanese call *Horzuki*. We have a row of poplars up the west side of the house, which gives us nice shade when we sit on the veranda. I must tell you how quickly things grow. Not quite three years ago Daddy put in some pear and orange trees, which just looked like bits of stick two feet long, and now the pear trees are eight and nine feet high, and the oranges are nearly full size. We have not had any oranges yet, but this year we have a few. When the blossom was out it had such a lovely scent. We have three fig trees; one of them is so large that we get hundreds of figs off it every year, and it is so nice to go out of the front door and pick some and eat them just as they are. We have red and white oleanders, pink and white mixed camellias, and beautiful magnolias. Daddy put them in three and a half years ago, and they were very small, and now they are quite large trees, and we have had dozens of large cream-coloured magnolias. We have a very big sunk lawn, but it is all bamboo grass, which is not very nice for tennis, but nice to play on. We have a tree which we call a snow-tree, because about March and April when it blooms it is just like a mass of snow. We have one apple tree and fourteen other kinds we do not know the name of. Now about the flowers. We have very few kinds, but plenty of roses and chrysanthemums, lilies, sun-flowers, French marigolds, sweet-williams, and a few Japanese. In spring the whole of the ground is covered with wild flowers. At the bottom of the garden we have a spare place with pines, where the arbour is, and a little bank on to the sand. We can paddle without going out of the gate at high tide."

Isn't this a perfectly delicious garden?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

Here is Isabel's story. In another budget Isabel sent me the music and words of a pretty song, "Just a Little Pansy." The music was beautifully copied, and it was kind of her to take all that trouble for me. I am very glad to have the song.

An Australian Garden

"We have not a very large garden, but I am very fond indeed of gardening and of flowers. One of our ministers, in giving a children's service one Sunday morning, said, 'There are three things flowers always seem to say to me: (1) God made me; (2) God loves me; and (3) I live for others.'

"It is so very hot here in the summer that the people don't grow many flowers; nearly all the flower gardens have been turned into lawns; ours have. We grow nearly all our vegetables and fruit.

"Mother has a nice rose garden, and it looks lovely in the spring and autumn. I have a small flower garden, with Princess violets and white picotees for the borders; the daisies did not survive the summer. The jonquils and white hyacinths are out; the snowdrops and pink hyacinths will soon be out now. We haven't any blue hyacinths now; they are rather a sickly blue. One day I picked up a bulb, planted it, and it turned out to be a belladonna lily; I was pleased, as I hadn't any. The double may is all in bud; the flowers are like small white Banksia roses. Last year I planted the Christmas lilies in a row; I think they are such pure, stately-looking flowers. The bees love them, as there is such a lot of pollen on the stamens. There is a lady who lives not far from here who keeps bees, and in the spring-time especially the place is just alive with them. We have several acacia trees, which flower in the spring. The flowers are white and yellow, and hang in great clusters; there is a lot of honey in them. I have also japonica anemones, polyanthus, red-hot poker, carnations, double marguerite, and a lilac bush. We have a good many pot-plants, as we can keep them in a shaded place during the hot weather. We have a nice big hoyia, but it is a very shy bloomer. It takes seven years to flower. It is sometimes called wax-flower; this is very appropriate, as the flowers are like great masses of pink wax. There are some beautiful gardens round Melbourne.

"Don't you think Burbank is a very clever man? I do. The poet very nicely expressed it when he called the 'flowers, so blue and golden, stars that in earth's firmament do shine.' Bacon says, 'Then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent, cordial smell'; and I have seen the same thing referred to in English magazines; but there is nothing like that with our strawberry leaves.

"In all places then, and in all seasons,

Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,

How akin they are to human things.

And, with childlike credulous affection,

We behold their tender buds expand;

Emblems of our own great resurrection,

Emblems of the bright and better land."

Yes, Isabel; I do think Luther Burbank

OUR SCHEME

Ten Pounds is required to pay for Violet's outfit and passage to Canada, as well as £13 per annum for her keep there.

Can we pay the £10 we owe before Christmas? Will everybody please help?

Those wishing to become Companions will find the Coupon in the advertisement section.

ALISON.

is a wonderful man, and a few years ago I wrote an article about him in THE QUIVER. Perhaps you read it?

After a round of Australian visits there ought to come a journey to India, and then a long flight over the seas to South Africa. Really, I hate being on the sea, but skimming over it, as a magician, would be a thrilling experience. When I reached

Cape Colony *Hettie Joubert* could entertain me to a midnight feast (with guava jam as an indispensable item on the menu) in her lively dormitory at school. *Meta Uys* should take me for a holiday to Durban (*Meta* sent 2s. 6d. for Violet in her last letter, by the way). And *Violet de Villiers* might perhaps get permission for me to listen to a debate in the Union Parliament; and I know what a splendid welcome *Marguerite Foss* and our other friends would extend. Indeed, I should have a right royal time in South Africa.

Next, with a hop, skip and a jump (*do* magicians travel in as undignified a fashion as that, I wonder?) I would pounce down on *Alice King* in her Jamaican home, and see the bananas and fine things that grow in that island. Perhaps I should make the acquaintance of the animal *Alice* is keeping for our Fund.

And then, naturally, I should pay a delightful visit to Ireland, and have lots of fun with our boy Companions over there. (Isn't it queer? All our Irish Companions are boys!)

To Bonnie Scotland next, and what a progress I would have, because we have so many loyal members there. As in England I would have to travel north and south, and east and west, and greet so many that only a magical power could keep up the energy necessary. But it would be a treat to see you *all*, and tell you how proud I am to have your friendship and help in our work together. Here is an example. My loving friends *Irene* and *Marjorie Collier* (West Dean) send 3s. 6d., the prices of drawn-thread cloths they made and sold. *Daisy Valentine* (Aberdeen) is another contributor, and encloses 1s. *Hilda Wilson* (Macduff) keeps me informed, in her sweet letters, of her work for the Fund. She is getting together a group of Companions, including

THE QUIVER

her own nurse, *Annie West*, and they are ever so keen on our Scheme. And *Isabel Young* sends another gift from Sytchampton. She and *Phyllis Cartwright* went in for the Wild Flower Competition at the Ombersley Flower Show, won the third prize, and sent the money for Violet. *Walter Randell* (Wellingborough) sent 1s. after his holidays at Hastings. *Irene Knight* (age 11) is a new Companion in Bristol, and thinks it is rather nice that her birthday is in September—"the same month as the birthday of the Corner." Another new member in the same district is *Mollie Bridgman* (age 15½), to both of whom we send greetings. And *Edgar J. Burnett* (age 13½) joins us in Worthing. *Mollie Bridgman* says:

"I love reading your letter in THE QUIVER, and I think Violet looks such a nice little girl. I was the first to belong to Dr. Barnardo's about here. I have a silver badge for collecting over five shillings in my box for three years."

Edith Penn (Hallatrow, also near Bristol) writes:

"I think it is so nice for us to be able to help Violet. I have not enough money to send up yet, but I hope to soon get enough. I am earning mine by doing odd jobs, such as cleaning bicycles, by which I got threepence a day, and I have a printing outfit with which I address envelopes for father. I did over 300 on Saturday. While I am at my auntie's I am going to do crochet and sell it, if I can, to friends."

Bravo, our Lady Printer! *Edith* goes to the Colston Girls' School in Bristol. It is the sixth biggest school in England, and has 500 pupils. Plenty of room, you see, *Edith*, for a "Quiver" Companionship Group.

But, oh, dear! If I quote any more of your letters even our kind Editor will become impatient. If only the magician

could make our pages elastic! But though you and I haven't the power to skip round the world as I have been imagining, or to make our Corner hold three times as much as it will, we have the wonderful gift of love. And that is magic of the best sort—isn't it? And it makes me so happy to feel its influence in your letters and working for others. Please spread it all about you. It increases with use, you know.

I do like hearing about the books you read. For instance, *Gwladys Doubleday* (Hellingly) received a copy of "Mother Bunch" as a prize in the Motto-designing Competition, and she wrote to me afterwards:

"Thank you very much indeed for 'Little Mother Bunch.' I was so surprised to get it. It is very interesting. I have seen Mrs. Molesworth and spoken to her. Her grandchildren live here, and we know them quite well. I was very pleased to get it."

I must just announce a new Competition in which I hope everybody will join.

"My Favourite Writer" Competition

Send me a letter on "My Favourite Writer," and tell me the "How, When and Where" of it all—about his or her books, and why you like the author of your choice. Don't write more than 300 words each. And let me have all letters by December 31st. For foreign members a month's extension will be allowed. This ought to be a very interesting Competition.

My love to everyone of you.

Your friend,

Alison.



OUR BEST DRESS

By the Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D.

Coloss. iii. 12-14. "Put on, therefore . . . a heart of compassion."

I AM told that little girls sometimes take great pride in their dresses. Well, that is quite all right! Fine feathers, it is true, don't always make fine birds, but I don't see why we shouldn't try to look as nice as we can. I have sometimes seen pictures of young ladies in "court dress"; and very grand and gorgeous they have looked. But it is not many of us who get presented at court, and it isn't many of us who are ever called upon to wear "court dress," and indeed, it isn't many of us who can afford silks and satins and lace and the

rest of it. But, happily for us, the handsomest dress of all is within the reach of the very poorest of us. It is the dress which the Apostle Paul recommends in my text.

I don't know very much about buying dresses, but I have always felt that the Apostle Paul in these verses is like a salesman in a costume department. The salesman brings out his dress, he shows it in every light, he points out all its beauties in the hope that he may persuade his customer to purchase it. That is exactly what the Apostle does. "Here is the very dress for you," he says: "Put on a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

suffering, and above all these things put on love."

What a gorgeous robe this is! A "heart of compassion!" That was the material of the dress Elizabeth Fry used to wear, that good woman who spent her life in ministering to the women prisoners in the gaols. "Kindness!" That was the stuff out of which dear old Lord Shaftesbury's robe was made. "Love!" Why, when we begin to think of it, that was the garment Jesus Christ Himself used to wear. He "put on love." He went about doing good.

How lovable and attractive people would be if they only wore dresses made up of these materials. It is infinitely better to be clothed in "kindness" than to be clothed in satins. "Love" is a more royal robe than purple velvet. In other words, handsome is, *not* that handsome *wears*; but "handsome is that handsome *does*."

Now this beautiful dress which the Apostle describes in my text is *The Christian's dress*. It is the dress which the "elect" of God always wear. This is indeed how you may always recognise the Christian. Just exactly as you can tell the soldier by his red coat and the sailor by his blue jacket and the Salvationist by his red jersey, so you can always tell the real Christian by the fact that he wears a "heart of compassion, kindness, meekness, love." "See how these Christians love one another," said the

heathen folk of the early days as they watched the lives of Christ's first disciples. They had got their beautiful dress on. Do people recognise us in the same way? Do we also wear compassion and kindness and love?

And let me add another word. *This beautiful dress is our everyday dress*. Young ladies only put on "court dress" when they go to be presented to the King and Queen, and that isn't very often. Most of us have what we call "best clothes," clothes that we wear on Sunday, or on certain very special occasions. When the Sunday comes to a close we carefully put them away in our wardrobes till the next Sunday comes round. But this beautiful dress of which the Apostle speaks is not merely a Sunday dress, it is an everyday dress. It is meant for common use. We are to go about dressed in these shining and beautiful garments every day of our life. That is to say, we are to be good and kind and loving not only on Sundays, but on week-days as well. In school, at our tasks, at our play, we are always to wear kindness and meekness and love. Remember, boys and girls, you must not put away your Christian dress when the Sunday comes to an end. You must wear your best clothes every day. Then what that couplet of our children's hymn says will become true of each one of us:

"Then the world will always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me."



PLAIN NEEDLEWORK FOR GIRLS

A Practical Course of Lessons for Beginners

By Mrs. F. B. TOWNEND

(Author of "Plain Needlework and Cutting Out," "Talks on Dressmaking," etc.).

Introduction

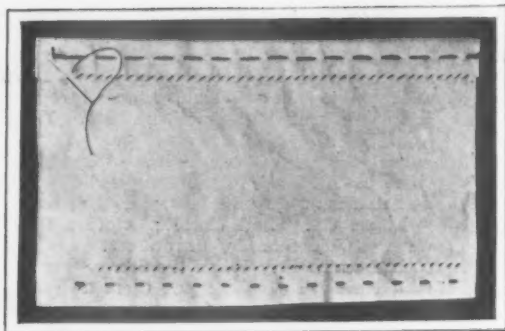
IT is proposed in these lessons to teach thoroughly the art of plain sewing, which consists of the stitches and processes used in the making of garments, with the cutting out and the mending of them.

We shall begin with hemming, showing how to hold the work, and the needle, and the correct formation of the stitch; of this you must be very careful, for often the work shown as hemming only looks like the running-stitch, which, of course, is wrong, and would certainly fail you in an examination. Every stitch in plain needlework is quite distinct in itself, and should be kept so; it is not sufficient to know how to make

the stitch, but when and how to make use of it.

There should be more known of this art, and put into practice, than there appears to be at the present time. Of late years this kind of needlework has been much neglected, partly owing, probably, to the introduction of sewing machines, and being able to buy our clothing all ready-made; do not think I am despising these innovations, they are both very good in their way and very useful, but we must not let them spoil us, and prevent us from learning that subject and branch of our education which every woman and girl ought to know. And so if we begin and learn to sew when children, the work is

THE QUIVER



SHOWING THE RIGHT AND WRONG SIDE OF THE STITCH.

much easier, and we become a help, a *real* help at home, in that we are able to assist in the making of our own underclothing, pretty pinafores, etc., and also in the mending of them, and the household linen. It is an occupation which will help to make us, and keep us, real women. Remember there is no disgrace in knowing how to use our needle, though I know there are some silly girls who think it beneath them; but look at the beautiful work the women and girls were able to do in the days of our grandmother; let us try to copy them in it.

Lesson I.—Hemming

A *hem* is a fold of material turned down, and folded over so as to protect a raw edge, and so make a firm, neat border to any article of clothing or any household linen, and can be worked any way of the material.

If you are turning down the selvedge, tear off the actual selvedge itself; make the first fold down about one quarter of an inch, then turn over again about half an inch; each turning down, or fold, must be as even as you can possibly make it. Do not have fine material, then you will be able to see the threads which will help you to keep them straight. You will find it of great use to practise this folding over in different widths on paper, and there is no reason why, if you are able to read this for yourself, you should not pass the knowledge on to a younger sister, teach her how to fold straightly, and then how to tack, etc., and teaching her, even if she does not quite grasp things as you do, will be of great assistance to you.

After turning down both folds, pass your

thumb along so as to press them down, and tack along so as to *keep* them down in place. Just this time, until you know more of the stitches, you may make a knot at the end of your cotton. Do not have your tacking too near the edge of the fold nor yet too far away. Make a long stitch, then a short one, then a long one, and so on to the end, and fasten off by going over and over again at the end of the last stitch.

How to hold the work. No matter how narrow or how wide the hem may be, always place the edge of the hem between the first

joint and the nail of the first finger of the left hand, and hold it in position by keeping the middle of the left thumb on the edge of the hem. Do not hold it too tightly so as to cramp your fingers; let your work always be held quite naturally and easily. You may find this slightly difficult at first, but persevere, it will be quite easy after a time.

To begin the stitch. Point the needle away from your chest, catch only the upper fold, and draw your needle and cotton



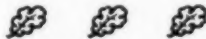
THE CORRECT WAY TO HOLD THE MATERIAL.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

through, leaving about half an inch of cotton behind, and this end you must tuck under the fold with your needle, then hold your thumb firmly over that part of the hem. Now put your needle in just below the folded edge, and bring it out in a slanting position just above the fold. Put your needle in again below the fold, four threads in front of the last stitch, and slant as before. Along the top of the fold there should be four threads between each stitch, and the same below the fold, and the top of the stitch should be two threads up from the fold; so you see that there should be four threads between each stitch, and each stitch should be two threads deep.

Shape of the stitch. You will, perhaps, have noticed by now that half the stitch is on the right side of the material and half on the wrong, and if you could see the wrong side at the same time that you are looking at the right side, you would see that the shape is like a V, and according to the fineness or coarseness of the material, so the number of stitches will vary; on some material you may only have six stitches in one inch, in very fine material you may have as many as sixteen.

Specimens should be sent to Mrs. Townend, THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., with name, address, and age attached. A handsome book prize will be awarded to the best specimen.



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

"On the Make"

IN the dull season the newspapers become very concerned about our moral and spiritual condition, filling column upon column with stern denunciations of our failings in almost every relation of life, from the adulteration of food to the reason why marriage statistics are diminishing. Perhaps it is expected that when all such sad delinquencies have been digested by the reader who, being on holiday, has nothing else to do, he will be set up for the winter with cleaner and saner views on everything. If this be the object it is laudable, for while, as an energetic factor in life, it is generally good to have "a guid conceit o' oorsels,"

Joins in the cotton. We begin the hemming without a knot, so there must be no knot if the cotton breaks and you have to begin again. If the cotton breaks, or you have to get a new length of cotton, unpick two or three stitches until you have a length long enough to tuck under, and see that this end is at the bottom of the stitch, below the fold; tuck the end under with your needle, point the needle away from your chest, and bring it up through the top fold as you did at the beginning, leaving a short end, which must also be tucked under.

To finish off make another stitch over the last one, then pass the needle up under the fold, draw through, and cut the cotton.

I want you now to work me six inches of hemming in coloured cottons. Begin with blue and do half in that colour; then the other half in red or pink. Leave the tacking thread in. I shall examine it very thoroughly and return it to you with full remarks. The points that will be taken into account with everything will be: Cleanliness, neatness, correct shape of stitch, beginnings, joinings, and finishings off.

yet to overvalue our righteousness or have it rest on a wrong basis can only lead to trouble in the end.

The main grounds of arraignment this season were against the growing lust of pleasure, with all the progeny which follows in its train, such as selfishness, deterioration of the sense of duty and consequent laxity about both truth and finance, and much more of the sort. As I cycled about the country (my main form of holidaying), I naturally cogitated on the various jeremiads which the many free contributors were making in the different papers one picks up in a day, but found them too diffuse to gather

THE QUIVER

into one general indictment till I was struck with a remark which I heard in almost every little town or village—that every one there was “on the make.” The lady who, for a trifle, was willing to prepare you a cup of tea, the boatman, the hotel-keeper, the local postman—all alike; at one stage or another of the talk there came the slow, mournful shake of the head, and the heavy sigh that things were not what they used to be in that region, for every one was now “on the make.” The words haunted me as I moved about; they seemed to gather into themselves all the diatribes of the newspapers, so that it was not difficult to reduce to this term almost all that was declared to be wrong with our politics, religion, industry, domestic defects, and what not. People were becoming more and more reluctant to do a thing purely and simply for its own sake; they must see results, reap some appreciable benefit in actual coin, social influence and standing, or praise and honour from their fellows. And this is called “practical,” and befitting a “practical” age.

While ruminating on the matter my wheels brought me to a lonely farm on the edge of the sea. The next house, I was told, was two miles off, but in the beautiful sunshine, by the placid waters, with the far-stretching meadows and glorious lanes and footpaths, its loneliness was the centre of its charm. While chatting with the matronly, gentle-faced housewife, two little girls, barefooted, sunburnt, bright-eyed, came chasing each other, followed by another with a crutch, thinner but nut-brown, too. They were three small Londoners, she explained, sent for a fortnight's fresh air. She had no children of her own, but thought it sinful, with such a country round about, and with room to spare, not to give some poor little bairns a chance. With thoughts of “the make” still in my mind I vaguely suggested that it would be a little help when the meadow crop was poor. “But God wouldn't bless us then, would he, sir?” she quietly asked. “We make nothing by it; their food is paid for, and we give what we can, and it keeps our hearts sweet all the summer to see the dear things grow lusty and bright.” At this point some duty called her indoors and the children came shyly round me as I sat on the shingle. In a little they were quite at ease, telling me where the biggest flowers were to be found, and a pond where there were newts. Not one of the three could tell how she came to be in this place, what church or Sunday school or other organisation had sent her, not even the part of London where she lived, till I uttered the word “Whitechapel,” but this was owned

by all three. Here they were, safely brought more than fifty miles, well cared for, gathering life and vigour in a way it did one's heart good to see, and in due time they would be as safely taken back, yet they did not even know to whom they were indebted for the blessing. It was a glorious ignorance; whoever their benefactors may have been they had done this deed of kindness for its own sake only. There was nothing of “the make” about it; these bairnies could never recompense them.

Do not aim at being “on the make” after things visible; it is along the other line our blessings travel—on doing good for good's own sake, and for that alone. The blessing comes in the very deed; it steals into the heart and so goes to the sweetening of the whole character. As such it is “practical,” pre-eminently “practical,” for life's sunshine or cloudiness depends not on what we have or have not, but on what we are.

Can a better way be found of saving ourselves from the contracted and sordid soul than by doing what we can for poor, hapless little children? There are twelve thousand crippled bairns under the care of the Crutch-and-Kindness League in London alone, and no matter where one is living in any part of the globe, each of these can be cheered and helped without the expenditure of more than a postage-stamp a month. All further particulars about the League and its membership may be had for a stamp, from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss Edith Allen, Metheringham, Lincoln; Miss Margaret Armstrong, Kaipaki, Auckland, New Zealand.

Master H. Berringer, Fort William, Ontario; Miss E. M. Browne, Sutton, Surrey; Mrs. Birtle Buchan-Hepburn, Manitoba; Miss Margaret Burrow, St. Columb.

Mrs. Canham, Finsbury Park, N.; Miss M. Clarke, Milford, Connecticut, U.S.A.; Misses G. and N. Cropper, Kingstown, B.W.I.; Miss Ethel Cessey, Chichester.

William Dennett, Esq., Sydenham.

Miss E. M. Eves, Taranaki, New Zealand.

Miss Franklin, Gloucester Terrace, W.

Miss H. S. Hague, Little Netis, P.Q., Canada;

Mrs. R. Henderson, Moneyamore, Co. Derry; Miss Ellen Howes, Towcester, Northants; Mrs. Hughes—

Miss C. Maylings, Miss W. Maylings, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Delhaizer—Bournemouth.

Miss Elsie Johnson, Moree, New South Wales.

Miss B. M. Lamplugh, Hampton Court.

Mrs. Malings, W. Southborough, Bournemouth; Miss Lottie McDowell, Ballysillan, Belfast; Miss G. de Montmorency, Blackheath.

Miss E. Nathan, Weymouth.

Miss Penny, Frome, Somerset.

Miss M. Robertson, Montreal, Canada.

Master John Scott, Hatfield; Miss E. M. Seymour, Kensington; Miss Florence Sidney, Norwich; Master E. W. Staines, Warham, Norfolk.

“T. M.” Chester.

Loveliness of Slender Grace.

LADIES AND ANTIPON.

Slim Beauty for All

NOTHING robs a woman of personal attractiveness and charm, of grace of carriage, and of bodily comfort so surely as that dreadful tendency to put on flesh more and more as the days go on. There is something so depressing in the affliction, the cause of which often seems inexplicable. For a lady moving in smart society it is ten times more poignant; and great are the sacrifices she would be willing to make to regain the beauty and charm of symmetrical slimness. Let all such anxious persons be reassured. Slenderness is quite easy of attainment, and may be a permanent possession, as anyone who has tried a course of the Antipon treatment knows.

Magnificent Tributes to Antipon

Hundreds of grateful ladies (and gentlemen too) have voluntarily testified to the marvelous weight-reducing, rebeautifying, and rejuvenating effects of Antipon. To glance through this correspondence (which anyone may do at the offices of the Antipon Company) is to be absolutely convinced that Antipon is genuinely the last word of medical research and discovery in everything that appertains to the treatment and lasting cure of obesity.

Why Antipon Cures Permanently

Antipon, so pleasantly refreshing to the palate, so brightening and stimulating, so perfectly harmless, not only rapidly eliminates all superfluity of fatty matter, and so reduces the body to a beautiful natural shape; it *literally destroys the aggravating tendency to grow fat to excess*. Thus the disease of obesity is positively obliterated, and with the recovery of slenderness and grace all further treatment may be dispensed with.

Figure and Fashion

Many ladies who perforce remain stout because they have not yet availed themselves of the splendid Antipon treatment know too well the constant trouble they have with their *couturières*. Gowns, beautiful in design and material, lose so much of their loveliness in such cases. The reader who glances at the sketch on this page of the two ladies coming downstairs will at once apprehend our meaning. The two gowns are confections quite similar in character, but the effect, as will be seen, is very, very different.



*Accuse not Nature—she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine—take Antipon.*

Troubles at an End

A short course of Antipon puts an end to all such troubles and anxieties. The daily reduction of fat is in many cases amazing. There is a decrease of from 8 oz. to 3 lb. within a day and a night to begin with; the result of each subsequent twenty-four hours' treatment is a renewed delight, not only because

of the sure and rapid return of beauty of form, with normal weight, but because the general health is so much improved.

Not a Restrictive Treatment

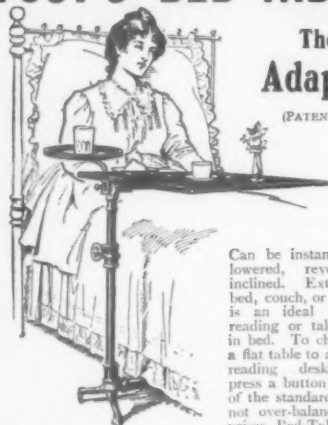
Antipon has a splendid tonic and stimulating effect on the digestive system, greatly improving appetite, which should be satisfied with good, wholesome nourishment. Food is a helper to the Antipon treatment, and, as the tendency to abnormal fatness is quite eradicated, can but have the most strengthening results to the entire system.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., but as those with pronounced *embonpoint* are often super-sensitive, arrangements have been made whereby the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E., supply it direct, carriage paid, privately packed, on receipt of remittance.

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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

NOVEMBER 6th. THE LAST SUPPER

Matthew xxvi. 17-30

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The ready obedience of the Disciples. (2) Christ's prediction of His betrayal and death. (3) The institution of the Sacrament.

Nearing the End

THE beautiful sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which the Christian Church observes in memory of its Lord's Sacrifice, was instituted with the Cross of Calvary overshadowing the feast. "It was the greatest evening of His life," says Dr. Stalker. "His soul overflowed in indescribable tenderness and grandeur. Some shadows, indeed, fell across His spirit in the earlier hours of the evening. But they soon passed; and throughout the scenes of the washing of the disciples' feet, the eating of the Passover, the institution of the Lord's Supper, the farewell address, and the great high-priestly prayer, the whole glory of His character shone out. He completely resigned Himself to the genial impulses of friendship, His love to His own flowing forth without limit; and, as if He had forgotten all their imperfections, He rejoiced in the anticipation of their future successes and the triumph of His cause. Not a shadow intercepted His view of the face of His Father or dimmed the satisfaction with which He looked on His own work just about to be completed. It was as if the Passion were already past, and the glory of His Exaltation were already breaking around Him."

The Triumph of the Cross

Christ foresaw the ultimate triumph of His cause, even though the outlook at the time was as dark as it could be. A missionary was once asked to give in one sentence a proof that the Cross of Christ would eventually triumph. This is what he said: "When I arrived at the Fiji group my first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet, and heads of eighty victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see those very cannibals who had taken part in that inhuman feast gathered about the Lord's Table."

NOVEMBER 13th. WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON

Matthew xxiv. 32-51

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Christ's warning against intemperance. (2) The call to preparation for the Master's coming. (3) The fate of the drunkard.

Helping the Weak

THE Bishop of London is something more than a mere preacher of temperance—he is a strict teetotaler, taking the ground that total abstinence is an indispensable qualification for anyone who wishes to advance the cause of temperance among the intemperate. At a meeting of workmen one day he was discussing the usual question when one of the men shouted: "Are you a tot?" "Of course, I am," answered the Bishop. "All right, then," replied the man, "fire away. If you wasn't I wouldn't listen to you."

In one of Ralph Connor's beautiful stories there is an account of a man who was intemperate in his habits. The day of the races is come, and the minister fears for Sandy. A temperance lecture would do no good. An appeal to self-interest would fall on deaf ears. But a happy thought came to the minister. "Sandy," he said, "I am afraid about Donald to-day. If he gets in with that company again they will strip him of all he has, and what about his home and family? We must save him from the saloon to-day; can't you keep an eye on him, and see that he keeps sober?" Sandy straightened himself. He was no mere sinner to be gathered in, but a man to help others. "I will do my best, sir." And he did. He forgot all about himself that day in his eagerness to protect Donald; he was to the minister instead of eyes, and in saving others he saved himself.

NOVEMBER 20th. JESUS IN GETHSEMANE

Matthew xxvi. 36-56

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Saviour's agony in the garden. (2) His submission to the Father's will. (3) The sleeping Disciples. (4) The kiss of betrayal.

WHEN Bismarck was threatened with death for trying to get Germany from Austria, he

THE QUIVER

exclaimed: "What care I if they do hang me, provided the rope with which I am hanged binds a new Germany firmly to the Prussian throne?" In the same way, with death staring Him in the face, Jesus Christ was ready to be offered up that a sinning world might be brought near to God. So great was His love for sinners that He faced the agony of Gethsemane—and Gethsemane was Calvary in anticipation—and the sufferings of the cross, thus opening up a way of escape for all the erring children of men.

The Just for the Unjust

"Schamyl was the great religious and military leader of the Caucasus, who for thirty years baffled the advance of Russia in that region, and, after the most adventurous of lives, died in 1871. At one time bribery and corruption had become so prevalent about him that he was driven to severe measures, and he announced that in every case discovered, the punishment would be one hundred lashes. Before long a culprit was discovered. It was his own mother. He shut himself up in his tent for two days without food or water, sunk in prayer. On the third day he gathered the people, and, pale as a corpse, commanded the executioner to inflict the punishment, which was done. But at the fifth stroke he called 'Halt!' had his mother removed, bared his own back, and ordered the official to lay on him the other ninety-five, with the severest threats if he did not give him the full weight of each blow."

NOVEMBER 27th. THE TRIAL OF JESUS

Matthew xxvi. 57-68

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Peter's desertion of his Master. (2) The false witnesses and the dignified Saviour. (3) Christ and His enemies.

The Two Conquerors

STANDING before His accusers and His judges it may have seemed to these men that the career of Jesus was about to end, and that when they had committed Him to the cross they had for ever stamped His life with the seal of ignominy and failure. But never was there such a mistake. It was not Christ who was on His trial, but His judges and His accusers, had they only known it.

When in Paris, on one occasion, Ian Mac-

laren went into the Salon and there saw two pictures. "One picture," he afterwards wrote, "represented a king lying on his bed. He had just died, and his servants, who a moment before had flown at his word, were engaged in rifling his caskets and his wardrobes. What do you think was the legend beneath? 'William the Conqueror.' Such a victory! Just a moment dead, and his own servants were despoiling him. The other picture represented a Man lying in a rocky tomb, also dead; but the angels were keeping watch, and to that tomb, now empty, all ages and all generations are coming. He was the Conqueror, and His the victory, given unto every man that is of Christ Jesus; even of faith, which overcometh the world."

True till Death

Jesus Christ gave His life for the sins of the world, and many there are who since that great sacrifice have stood firm and true even unto death rather than deny the Lord who suffered for them. In the year of the Boxer outbreak in China, 1900, confession of Christ meant torture and death, and yet some thirty thousand native Christians suffered martyrdom rather than deny their Lord. Mrs. Chang, a graduate of the London Missionary Society's School, was driven out into the streets of Peking with her little babe and her blind mother. They were separated; the old blind mother was lost. A Boxer seized Mrs. Chang and her babe and brought them before a Boxer judge. The place where she stood was slippery with the blood of Christians already slain. The mother clasped her babe to her breast and prayed, "O, Lord, give me courage to witness bravely for Thee until the end." The Boxer magistrate asked, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes," she replied. He gave her a stick of incense, saying, "Burn this and your life will be spared." "Never," she replied. "Kill her," cried the magistrate. But she calmly said, "My body you can kill and it will be scattered on the ground like these," pointing to portions of dead bodies about her, "but my soul will go to be with Jesus."

And so saying she died, confident that the killing of the body was but the liberating of the soul to be for ever with the Lord.



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Our former competitions have been so popular that we have decided to offer another handsome First Prize, and have accordingly made arrangements to offer a magnificent **PLAYER-PIANO**.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Below we have reproduced eight picture puzzles, which represent either the name of some article advertised in our advertisement pages, the name or (in the case of a double name) part of the name of the firm advertising it, or a portion of their address, provided it is given in the advertisement.

This Competition is run in conjunction with CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, THE STORY-TELLER, THE QUIVER, THE NEW MAGAZINE, and LITTLE FOLKS, and the pictures represent advertisements or advertisers taken from any of these magazines during the six months the competition is running.

We shall publish four more sets—that is, one each in December, January, February and March numbers—and the first prize will be awarded for the correct list of solutions sent in.

In the event of no reader giving all the correct solutions, the first prize will be awarded for the list containing the greatest number correct, while should we receive more than one list absolutely correct, a further competition or competitions of a nature which the adjudicator may deem the most advisable to determine the winner will be arranged. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

A competitor may send in only one list. Keep your set until the closing date is announced. The advertisements, names of advertisers, and their addresses will be in all cases taken from the advertisement pages of "The Story-Teller," "The New Magazine," "Little Folks," "Cassell's Magazine," and "The Quiver," and not from inserted advertisements.

The list of winners will be published in the SATURDAY JOURNAL dated May 6th, 1911.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

No employee of Messrs. Cassell & Co. is allowed to take part in this Competition.

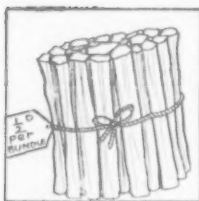
THE PLAYER-PIANO

The Sterling Player-Piano, of which we give an illustration, is a magnificent instrument sold at 125 guineas. It is manufactured in the finest rosewood, and would be an acquisition to any home. It is of the best quality manufactured by this famous firm, whose reputation for instruments of this nature is unrivalled.



The Player-Piano

SECOND SET OF PICTURES



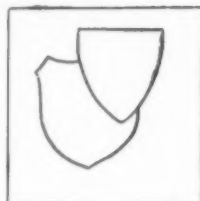
9



10



11



12



13



14



15



16

Name (write clearly in ink).....

Address.....

Keep all your sets together till the closing date is announced in these pages.

The first set of pictures appeared in the "New Magazine" for last month. They are also to be found in the "Story-Teller," "New on Sale."

Dr. J. Collis Browne's

Chlorodyne

The Best Remedy known for

**COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

**Cuts short all attacks of
SPASMS, HYSTERIA, and
PALPITATION.**

**The only Palliative in
NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM.**

Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA and DYSENTERY.

Refuse Imitations and insist on having

**Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne.
The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.**

Convincing Medical Testimony with each Bottle. Of all Chemists, 1/1, 2/9 and 4/6.



The Most Valuable Medicine ever discovered.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

IRISH LINEN

World Renowned for Quality and Value.

HANDKERCHIEFS

We weave Linen Cambrics in our Banbridge factory, employ sewers and hemstitchers in making up handkerchiefs, laundresses to impart that lovely white finish, and offer them to the public direct. Can we give a stronger reason why it should be worth your while to examine and compare our prices?

Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs (full size)

Hemstitched - 2/3, 4/3, and 5/6 doz.
Embroidered - 5/11 ..
Hand-embroidered - 8/11 ..

Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs

Full size, hemstitched - 5/11 and 7/11 doz.
(Any letters)

Gentlemen's Linen Handkerchiefs

Hemstitched - 4/11, 5/11, and 8/11 doz.

On account of the Christmas demand, customers are requested to give orders for embroidery initials early.

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.

36, C. Donegall Place, BELFAST.

INDIGESTION

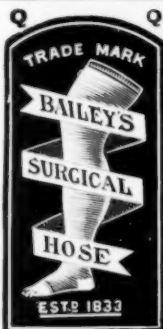
is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. ASK FOR

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is NO PILL "JUST as GOOD,"
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. per Box.



CATALOGUE FREE.

TRUSSES, BELTS,
and
EVERY ARTICLE
for
SICK NURSING.

"Varix," all about Elastic Stockings, how to wear, clean, and repair them, post free two stamps.

W. H. BAILEY & SON,
38, Oxford St., London.
(City Branch, 52, Fore St., E.C.)

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable preparation than

ENO'S

THE OLD TIME EVER POPULAR
HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation. Errors in Diet—Eating or Drinking. Thirst, Giddiness, Rheumatic or Gouty Poison. Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, and Feverish Conditions generally. It proves beneficial in the early Stages of Diarrhoea.



CAUTION.

Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

'FRUIT SALT.'

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.

McVITIE & PRICE'S

DIGESTIVE BISCUITS.

The Premier Biscuit of Britain.

Campbell

The **PERTH**

DYE WORKS

Costumes cleaned from 5/-; Gent's Suits, 4/-; or dyed the **WARM COLOURS** now seasonable. Also gloves, Feathers, Hats, Curtains, and other Furnishings. Eiderdown Quilts re-covered. Furs remodelled.

EARLSWOOD ASYLUM

THE NATIONAL TRAINING HOME
FOR THE MENTALLY DEFICIENT

Patrons Their Majesties the KING and QUEEN

About 500 Inmates Happily Cared for and Trained in Useful Occupations. 600 could be received, did Funds permit.

£10 a day required in VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS for Free Cases only.

Under STATE INSPECTION, but receives no STATE AID.

"WE PLEAD FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT PLEAD FOR THEMSELVES."

Special Gifts and Annual Subscriptions gratefully received by

Mr. H. HOWARD, Secretary,
36, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.,

Who will gladly send Forms of Application and all Particulars.